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PRINCELY PREDILECTIONS OR ANCIENT MUS AND MODERN DISCORD.

G. Cruikshank fect

THE

SCOURGE.

APRIL 1, 1812.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT will be seen by the present number that our pages are always open to the reception of cases of oppression, appeals from the victims of tyranny or injustice, to the public, and other articles of a similar description. It is necessary, however, that they should be accompanied by satisfactory documents, or by reference to the persons by whose evidence they may be substantiated.

Lady A. is at liberty to proceed as her advisers may direct her.

We have received a letter from Clio Rickman, disclaiming in positive terms any concern in the publication of the Third Part of the Age of Reason. The lines quoted by Mr. Butler, (page 240,) he asserts to have been made some years ago *impromptu*.

We have received many communications respecting a poem called the CAPITAL. It appears from the extracts enclosed, to be a tissue of blasphemy and nonsense; but as its stupidity will prevent its doing much mischief, we have thought it prudent to dismiss it in a note. The same reasons have dissuaded us from the insertion of Forum Impiety.

The author of the "Conduct of Man" has mistaken his talent. He has thought much and deeply, but will never be a poet.

The Carpet War; a Prince in a Pickle; the Carlton House Gazette; A Review of Wharton's Roncevalles; Stroehling the Painter, and his Grecian Quackery; Poetical Biography, No. 2; on ancient abuses compared with Modern Innovation; and Yarmouth, an Ode, shall meet with an attentive examination.

To our Piccadilly correspondent (a personal friend if we mistake not), we labour under particular obligations; and beg leave to suggest the coronation of the Empress as a fit sequel to the other. The individual pictures should be distinct.

The transmission of interesting Pamphlets as *soon as published*, is particularly requested.

THE SCOURGE.

APRIL 1, 1812.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER, No. IX.

THE PRINCE REGENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

THAT without consenting to the immediate abandonment of our allies, and to an unconditional change in all the principles of our foreign policy, it was impossible for the Prince Regent to call the whig party to his councils, is evident from a *prima facie* examination of the correspondence between his Royal Highness and the leaders of opposition. Whether by granting those conditions his Royal Highness would have fulfilled most effectually his duty to his subjects, is a question upon which the opinions of the nation, as upon every other momentous topic of public inquiry, must be necessarily divided; but should it hereafter appear that one part of the ministerial policy was right, and that much might have been gained by reciprocal concession, let it be remembered that the opposition leaders refused in limine every advance to satisfactory explanation; that they bluntly and decidedly pronounced themselves to be infallible, and demanded from the Regent a pledge of future acquiescence, not in one particular measure, or in one important principle of national policy, but in all the opinions that, as members of opposition, they had hastily formed, or conveniently embraced.

But whatever may be the ultimate decision of the public respecting the answer of the whig leaders to his Royal Highness's overture, there can be but one opinion of the conduct of themselves and their partizans, since the accession of the Prince Regent to unrestricted power.

Disappointed in their expectations of uncontrolled authority over the persons and opinions of the first magistrate, they forget even the common decorum of expression that would be due to a private individual, and address his Royal Highness in language as scurrilous and offensive, as during the whole period of his private career, it was fulsome and adulatory. Admitting it possible that the Prince should deserve the epithets applied to him, or be guilty of the follies of which he is accused, the admission only aggravates the guilt and the indecency of their present language. It cannot be denied, that for thirty years, during which the object of their attacks indulged in indiscretions as offensive, and follies as ludicrous, as those which are now imputed to him, they persisted in proclaiming him to be all that was great, and good, and generous, and magnanimous; that without any reference whatever to his political opinions they pronounced him to be a perfect gentleman, embued with every manly feeling, possessed of the most extensive knowledge and the most brilliant accomplishments, and uniting the dignity of the prince with the ardor of the friend.

Only one little month has elapsed and what is the picture they afford of his mental endowments and his personal habits? The salacity of a Nero, the caprice of a Caligula, and the fatuity of a ——— are ascribed to their former idol, by his former eulogists. Language that, addressed to a humble citizen, would demand the infliction of legal punishment, and to the soldier or the man of honor, could not be expiated but with life, is poured forth against the ruler of the English nation, in a torrent at once destructive and inexhaustible; overwhelming every established boundary of decorum, and sweeping away every legitimate barrier, that had hitherto protected the sanctity of a court from the noise and turbulence of political commotion.

In these observations we allude more particularly to the regular organ of opposition, the Morning Chronicle. The satires of the Examiner, cannot be included in the

list, because his opinion of the Prince has been consistent, and he has never pledged himself for his wisdom, his magnanimity, or his virtue. On the same plea we ourselves must rest our defence of whatever observations on the conduct and character of the Prince Regent, it may be ou: future duty to advance. It is of the opposition, as compared with themselves, that we complain: —of their participation in every folly, and their eulogies of every vice, committed by the Prince, the evidence is in the recollection of every one, and may be found in any file of the Morning Chronicle up to February 18th, 1812: of their subsequent injustice and indecency, we shall only pollute our pages with one short extract.

> " But he, tho' half his life was o'er,
> Was *loose* and *silly* as before;
> In him all youth's unbridled rage
> Was blended with the *fraud of age*.
> Onward with headlong speed he rushed,
> And poor old friendship wholly crushed."

Now unless the opposition expect that every ancient principle of moral deduction is to be abandoned in their favor, this sudden change in their language either arises from the rage of personal disappointment that consults its own gratification without any regard to the sovereign whom they obey, or the people whose confidence they have betrayed, or it is the language of a party of political bullies, endeavouring to obtain that ascendancy by abuse, which they are unable to command by the legitimate exercise of their talents. By whatever excuses they may wish to palliate their conduct, or in whatever disguise they may attempt to deceive our observation---the truth is, that so long as they expected power, they were the most fulsome and subservient of literary parasites; and that immediately after the disappointment of their hopes, they became the most scurrilous vilifiers of the object of their former adulation. This is a fact of which no ex-

planation can do away the impression: it stamps at once the character of the party, and affords to the Prince and the people a guide by which to estimate their present declarations and their future promises.

But the opposition will reply :—when we indulged in all the extravagances of the prince; when we lent him money to devote to his licentiousness, and consented to become his companions and associates in the orgies of Bacchus, and the mysteries of Venus; when we extolled his daily visits to Sam Chiffney, as proofs of a great and generous mind, superior to petty distinctions and cold formalities; and when we excused his intercourse with Mrs. Fitzherbert as the natural consequence of his peculiar situation, the Prince was *young*! Something might be forgiven to the impetuosity of youth, and something to the occasional observations of a prince exposed to all the temptations that bestrew the path of rank and inexperience. But if this language have any meaning, as applied to their conduct, it must imply that the age of youth is from twenty to fifty, and that the Prince of Wales has been hurried away by the exuberance of boyish passion, till the assumption of his regency. If something was to be forgiven to the exuberance of youth, how happens it that they never reproved the salacity of age? They say *now* that the Prince is lascivious: it is notorious that he is not more lascivious at present than he has been for the last ten years; and by what strange chance does it happen, that they did not discover salacity till the present moment? The answer of the public is easy; till the present moment they were in expectation of place: their former language, or forbearance, was the language or forbearance of expecting parasites; their present scurrility is the offspring of imbecility excited by revenge.

But (it may again be asserted) "we had nothing to do with the amours of the Prince, except as regarded their political influence. If we never censured the Prince's connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, it was because their

intercourse had no perceptible influence on the public happiness. It was not our province to censure the Prince's visits to —— House, till their consequences became manifest, and till it was evident that the influence there exerted was prejudicial to the interest of his early friends." In other words, (supposing their representation of the Prince's conduct to be correct, and for that they only are responsible,) "we have no objection that the Prince should be a shameless adulterer, or the slave of a prostitute, so long as his vices are not productive of injury to ourselves: he may while away his hours in —— square, and yet be a very virtuous and magnanimous prince, if he will leave to us the unmolested management of his political arrangements; but if his visits be inimical to the interests of opposition, we cannot do less than stigmatize him as the slave of a prostitute, and the tool of a '*tame cuckoo.*'"—It is observable that the visits of the Prince Regent to —— House, were not less frequent during the period of the restrictions than during the last month. Yet while some faint hopes of return to office still remained, and the views of the H——rd coterie were not fully developed, not a murmur escaped the lips of the "early friends," that could indicate the most faint or casual emotion of disgust.

From charges like these, however, the Morning Chronicle endeavours to exculpate his party, by observations, that if he had indulged in political discussion would have been relevant and forcible, but have no meaning whatever as applied to the defence of personal abuse. "The ministerial papers are filled with indignation at the change of our language on the subject of the Prince Regent. They forget that the praises we have bestowed on the Prince of Wales, whether justly conferred or not, were a tribute to qualities of which we can no longer discern the trace, or hear the profession. We praised in the Prince of Wales the declared adherent to the principles and party that placed his family on the throne, the friend and admirer of Mr. Fox, the self-proclaimed instructor

of his daughter in the principles of that illustrious statesman, the professed enemy of peculation and corruption, of war, violence, and injustice, the liberal supporter of religious toleration, the future conciliator of Ireland. It is not our practice to contaminate our pages with scandal, or attract attention to our columns by indecent topics of animadversion." Dismissing for a moment the consideration of this paragraph as a defence of the language of the Morning Chronicle, we cannot but admire the facility with which it takes for granted whatever may conduce to the advantage of the party. That the opposition are the sole and infallible judges of the accordance of the Prince's conduct with his professions, that the principles acted on at present by Lord Grenville are those of Mr. Fox, and that they have at any period of their lives distinguished themselves as the enemies of peculation and corruption, are positions of which some are notoriously false, and the rest require some other proof than the assertion of the Morning Chronicle. Nor as they contribute to his own defence, are the preceding observations less unfortunate. *It is not the political, but the personal character* of the Prince, that was at one time the object of its editor's eulogy, and is now the constant theme of his abuse. If the editor of the Morning Chronicle never contaminated his pages with scandal or scurrility, then to assert that his prince unites the lust of youth to the fraud of age is loyal and decorous; to stigmatize Lord ——— as a "tame cuckoo" is decent and respectful; and even after this interpretation of his language, has been admitted, the question again arises, why this mode of testifying respect was not displayed before the 18th of February? The Prince, we humbly presume, is not more silly though certainly more *loose* than before the expiration of the restrictions; and if those epithets be now applicable to his habits or his mind, the vision of Mr. Perry (whom, as Mr. Perry, we admire and respect) must have been assisted by the intellectual telescopes of his friends.

It may indeed appear to those who are unwilling to believe that public virtue is something more than a name, that the attacks on the Prince Regent are the mistaken and unauthorised effusions of the opposition journalists, without the participation or the knowledge of the leaders of the party. But a series of scurrilous articles in their official journal, might be begun, but could not be continued without their approbation. It is surely ascribing nothing unworthy to Mr. Perry to suppose that no hint from the leaders of the party that he so zealously and conscientiously espoused would be attended to; and the opposition, we are inclined to hope, do not rest their defence on a verbal distinction between *approval* and *quiescence.* Besides, Mr. P. is in habits of daily intercourse with the persons whose sentiments he is on most occasions supposed to express; his literary co-operation must be in some degree directed by the tone in which they discuss the conduct and character of the Prince Regent; and the public acts neither uncandidly nor unwisely in judging of its asperity, by the sarcastic poetry of the Morning Chronicle. But we do not rest our opinion on presumptive evidence. If we are not grossly mis-informed, some of the articles in the Chronicle, and many of those that have appeared elsewhere, (particularly the "Prince of Whales" in the Examiner), are the productions of the Prince's early friends; of those who are now the most willing to revile him as a monster of ingratitude, and affect to be indignant at his forgetfulness of former attachments!

Nor is it necessary to rest the justice of our charge on the supposed connections of the editor of the Morning Chronicle. So enthusiastic and imprudent is the malignity of the opposition, that though the editor of the Scourge has uniformly been distinguished by his hostility to the whigs, they have not been ashamed to furnish him with materials of attack against the exalted personage, among whose early friends they are eager to be numbered.

Let it be remembered that by the preceding observations we do not pledge ourselves to a different opinion of his Royal Highness from that which the opposition now express. Our only object is to shew, that with them, the Prince is a god or a devil, an angel or a monster, as best suits the purposes of the moment, or according to the fluctuations of their feelings between hope and disappointment. We do not deny the visits of the Prince to ——— House, but we assume the right of asking the opposition, why these visits remained unobserved till their exclusion from power? We can conceive it to be possible that his Royal Highness should be indolent and capricious, but should like to be informed why his vices and his follies were so laudable till the expiration of the restrictions? When the opposition are able to answer these questions, to the satisfaction of the public, they may possibly regain a trivial proportion of their early popularity. At present, much as the people detest Lord Castlereagh, and despise the puppets who have been selected to fill the vacancies that might have been occupied by an Erskine or a Grey, they would rather obey the worst and most venial of the present ministry, than witness the *unconditional* return of the whigs. The colleagues of Perceval have at least the merit of honest impudence: the opposition have as much dishonesty, and a larger portion of hypocrisy; they are * * * *s without courage; and their depredations on the public purse differ only from those of the Percevalites in nature and degree, as SWINDLING differs from HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

THE NOBLE ADULTERER.

Our allusion to the pecuniary distresses of a noble — has excited more than one of his political friends to the most unguarded indications of angry and intemperate zeal. They are well aware that acknowledged poverty is an insuperable bar to the progress of ambition, and that many who would forgive the conjugal infidelities of their noble master, would withdraw from his service as soon as they should discover the extent of his embarrassments. To the family itself the concealment of his distresses from the knowledge of the public, was an object of essential importance: the marriage of his nephew may be prevented by the suspicion that any part of the funded property of his destined bride, is intended to replenish the coffers of the uncle; and the collateral branches of the house of —— might find their reception in the money market less welcome than it is, were the insolvency of their principal generally known.

Yet notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal the state of his affairs, his situation is pretty correctly understood by all who have any interest in their prosperity or decline. Even the heiress of unnumbered thousands is well aware that some portion of her treasures may hereafter contribute to gratify the avarice or the luxury of his favorite Polly; and the emissaries of John King are by no means decided that a premium of twenty-five per cent should counterbalance the objection of suspicious securities. It is known too well that the apparently exhaustless treasures obtained in a distant clime, have long been squandered in political intrigue, or lascivious indiscretion, and that no hope of retrieving the ruined fortunes of his lordship now remains but his return to some official situation of emolument, or another voyage to the regions of oriental wealth.

That the conduct of such a man is the fit subject of

public observation, cannot be disputed. His embarrassments are not only productive of inconvenience to himself, but may hereafter be brought forward as proving his claims on the public generosity. We may be told at no very distant period that to leave an old and deserving servant, to lament in aged indigence the ingratitude of his country, would be unjust in the executive power, and disgraceful to the people whose glory he had extended, and whose empire he had consolidated; a pension of ten thousand pounds a-year may then be proposed as a remuneration for his services; and like many other individuals whose private follies have been paid for out of the public purse, and whose political intrigues have been rendered subservient to their personal vices, he may employ the spoils obtained from weakness and credulity, in fortifying the outworks of corruption, and extending the encroachments of ministerial power on the liberties of the people.

Let it be remembered, therefore, when an appeal of this kind shall be made to the generosity of the country, that the fortune expended by the —— has not been devoted to the pursuit of any laudable object, or of any virtuous purpose; that it has not contributed to the becoming splendor of his domestic establishment, or to the gratification of an accomplished and affectionate wife, but has been squandered away in facilitating the licentious pleasures of a prostitute. The —— is driven from her home to take refuge among her early friends, that a vulgar and abandoned woman, may be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of the paternal mansion—the sums that ought to have been divided among his lordship's creditors, have been squandered in the decoration of a country seat for the object of his lascivious attachment, and the —— is deprived of her box at the opera, that Polly may be drawn into her native village by four milk-white geldings!

Here with her sister, she lives in all the splendor of meretricious infamy; her parents, originally labourers, reside in a snug cottage, adjacent to her villa, express the most unbounded gratitude for the favor conferred upon

them by the protection of their daughter. The visits of this ci-devant monarch, are neither accompanied by the magnificence, nor received with the courtesy, that would best become the rank, and accord with the ardor of her noble admirer. Neither the pelting of the pitiless storm, nor the obstacles opposed to his pedestrian progress by the dirtiness of the pathway, or the intricacies of the natural labyrinth that leads to the back door of his Polly's residence, can impede the frequency of his excursions. Twice a week at least does he court the pleasure of being hurled headlong by the enraged virago from the top to the bottom of his own staircase: and the tributary journals, whose lucubrations are supposed to be indited beneath his own immediate superintendance, might add to their already copious stock of abusive epithets from the exhaustless store of their patron's mistress.

The omnipotence of sensual passion has seldom been more strikingly displayed than in the conduct of our leading politician. The ci-devant governor of millions, the terror of ——, and the idol of an extensive empire, retires from the gaze of multitudes, to supplicate the compassion, or patiently suffer the revilings and the insults of a harlot, whom he himself has transplanted from the hovel to the palace. A nobleman of arbitrary principles, and stately habits, distinguished for his virulence in political contention, and professing a lofty independence of the parties that solicit his co-operation, hastens from the scene of his parliamentary duty to become the slave or the plaything of an abandoned female. Were the follies of the nobleman whom we have now introduced on our satirical canvas, injurious only to himself, his insensibility would not be less deserving of compassion, than his vices of reprobation; but his conduct admits of no such palliation. While his mistress revels in all the luxuries that a doubtful credit, or the loans of the money-brokers can command, the —— laments, in solitary indigence, the infidelity of her husband and the miseries of dependence consequent on his desertion; and we have no doubt that as soon as the nuptial

contract between the heiress and the simpleton shall be ratified, the treasures amassed by commercial industry, and augmented by the silent operation of time, will be in due proportion conveyed to the habitation of Miss Polly Raffle, there to gladden the eyes of her milliners, and contribute to the boundless ecstacies of her keeper by the occasional loan from his generous and condescending mistress, of a ONE POUND NOTE.

M. S.

CUMBERLAND METHODISTS.

SIR,

HAVING brought up the history of village fanaticism till the year 1793, it might be supposed that few characters could have exhibited since that time on the stage of methodism, and that few vicissitudes could have occurred in the fortunes of the rising sect. But the disciples of Wesley have not, even at the present moment, attained such a solid ascendancy over the minds and habits of the villagers, as to levy their contributions with unvarying regularity, or to secure, by the allurements of Rumford stoves, and Persian cushions, the perpetual attachment of those who once have ventured within the pale of Methodistic sanctity. The neighbouring squire, therefore, whose word is a law to half the gentry of his neighbourhood, still slumbers in his curtained pew, and subscribes his annual guinea to the bell-ringers. How long these distinctions may remain, it would be idle to conjecture: it has been whispered, however, that an evangelical clergyman has purchased the incumbency of Ashwell; and if the report be true, it may be presumed that the church and the meeting will be consolidated; that christianity will be superseded by the canting system, and groans be regarded as more certain indications of religious principle than good works.

The superiority of the church, however, in the rank, if not in the number of its visitors, has hitherto prevented the village of Ashwell from sinking into a mere district of

the Wesleyan empire. The spiritual guides of the multitude have been itinerant mountebanks rather than regular quacks, and have therefore exhibited a variety of character, and succeeded each other with a rapidity of movement, that could not have occurred to observation, in the legitimate evangelists.

No sooner had Augustus Mountjoy escaped on shipboard, from the vengeance of an injured parent, and the pursuit of the parish officers, than William Hodgson (a name long to be remembered in the village of Ashwell) was excited by the love of righteousness to combine with his other callings, the profession of Methodist preacher. He is now a respectable surgeon and man-midwife at Sunderland, in the county of Durham: in what particular branch of business he was most distinguished at the period of which I am writing, it would be difficult even for those who knew him best to determine. He was in reality the very Caleb Quotum, whom many of your readers may have supposed, and whom I myself believe, to be the offspring of Mr. Colman's imagination. The coincidence between the ideal and the existing character, at once evinces the genius, and the knowledge of the world of the author of the "Review." Mr. Hodgson was positively, and of my own knowledge, a public baker, a schoolmaster, a grocer, an auctioneer, a druggist, a barber, a surgeon, an apothecary, and, connected with these, a cutter of corns. He was bell-man, chapel-clerk, and sexton; he dealt in crockery ware; and was celebrated for his skill in the art of dying. To pursue all these avocations, and yet find leisure to hold forth three times a week to a Methodist society, required some degree of talent and activity. He was in fact an honest little fellow; I used to contemplate his sharp and sallow countenance, and his bent body, curved by continual stooping across his counter, and over the Reading made Easy's of his scholars, with more admiration than contempt. His methodistic zeal was, I am convinced, sincere: he did little harm in the pulpit, and his exertions were not entirely unproductive

of good. He understood too little of the scriptures to indulge in the cant of methodistical phraseology; his discourses, if discourses they could be called, were uniformly practical: what he said was as familiar to the mind of his hearers, as what he sold was familiar to their senses; and they put their money into the plate as an act of benevolence to an industrious fellow townsman, rather than as a payment to a privileged instructor.

I have before observed that Mr. Hodgson was clerk to the village church, and bellman general. The last of these offices required his attendance at a moment's warning, and at all hours of the day or night. If a child was lost, or a purse stolen, or a cellar opening determined on at the Queen's Head, or an illumination called for by the Squire, it was the province of *Dr.* Hodgson to proclaim it. But the most important and arduous duty attached to his calling was beneath the immediate superintendence of the curate. When a villager of Ashwell departed this life, the bellman is sent round to toll that same bell that announces an auction or a dance. This is done with adequate solemnity, and as soon as a crowd has been collected, he pronounces with solemn emphasis the following sentence. "All friends and neighbours—I desire you to attend the funeral of our deceased brother A. B., who departed this life at half-past three o'clock this afternoon, and will be buried at three o'clock on Wednesday next." Nor did the labours of Mr. Hodgson terminate here. As chapel-clerk it was his duty to precede the corpse, usually accompanied by more than an hundred people in regular procession, and to give out the particular staves of the 114th Psalm, and then to chaunt the first line, as a guide to the choral efforts of the whole company. Now it often happened that a villager expired in the very middle of his sermon, and uncourteously subjected him to the necessity of dismounting his rostrum; and when the funeral happened to set off more late than usual, what with the covering of the grave, the distribution of gloves and other important parts of his official duty,

he was detained too late to edify the assembled brethren. These circumstances gradually diminished his importance in the eyes of the Methodists; and his attention to the Methodists rendered his *church* patients dissatisfied. The curate too observed the impropriety of permitting a Methodist preacher to officiate as a servant of the established church, and his place was given to a rival schoolmaster. Hodgson, however, had paid the Squire for his situation, and refused to resign it—the curate was afraid of offending his worship, and left the affair to be decided between the rival candidates. For six months the *christians* of Ashwell were amused with races between those worthy rivals, from the vestry to the pulpit, and with two parties of Psalm-singers, posted at opposite sides of the church, one pouring forth in vocal melody the homely strains of Sternhold and Hopkins, beneath the auspices of the intruder, and the other attempting to tune the more polished verses of Tate and Brady, under the direction of Dr. Hodgson. But while the contest proceeded, the *Doctor* was losing his patients, his customers, his scholars, and his disciples; another dear man was invited from Whitehaven, the village bookseller announced his intention to deal in drugs, and Hodgson left his ungrateful flock to exercise his professional skill among the good people of Sunderland.

The "dear" man who condescended to accept our invitation, was one of those sanctified coxcombs who unite the fop with the divine, and never astonish by the brilliance of their discourses without taking care that their fair auditors should admire the whiteness of their teeth, and the lustre of their rings.

Mr. Sparkle would not play at cards, but he had no objection to tea and supper parties. It was in the performance of the duties of the fire-side, that he captivated the hearts of the young, and flattered the vanity of the old. No man could display more grace or expertness in the distribution of the wine and cakes, or in the *presentation* of the toast. The petty attentions in which he ex-

celled were received with more marked respect as coming from a teacher of religion; and the complacency excited by his manners, accompanied him from the parlor to the meeting-house. The old and the young were equally delighted with his gentleness of tone, his continual smirk, his artificial lisp, and the grace with which his lilywhite fingers meandered through the pages of his hot-pressed Bible. To hear the methodist *beau*, the milliner forsook her needle, and the jointured widow deserted the church. On the fourteenth of February the table of the *sweet gentleman* was covered with valentines, intermingling impiety with frivolity; and expressing the emotions of lasciviousness in the language of the Scriptures. At length this paragon of fanatical *grace* condescended to repay the attentions of Miss Biddy Langstaff, a fair maiden of forty-three, who had been captivated at first sight by the air with which he performed the honors of the snuff-box.

Every preparation was now made for the celebration of the joyful ceremony. The laces of the youthful damsel were new set, her closets rummaged for the roses and lilies of silk and worsted, that had adorned the bridal dress of her deceased "mama." Eringo comfits, with all the paraphernalia of pies and puddings, were arranged in the back parlor after the customary form; and Miss Biddy Longstaff might at this moment have been the joyful mother of a hopeful family, but for the capricious cruelty of fate, who, a few days before that appointed for her nuptials, unkindly drove an Irish lady and her waiting-maid on a bathing expedition to the vicinity of Ashwell. Excited by curiosity Mrs. Abigail attended the scene of Sparkle's glory, but scarcely had the preacher ascended the pulpit before she exclaimed, "Oh! my husband!" and burst into tears. The exclamation of the female, and the confusion of Sparkle were not unobserved by the destined bride. She took the stranger aside, and there learnt the full extent of her calamities. Half in resentment and half without reflection, the afflicted damsel

communicated to Miss Biddy Longstaff, that Mr. Sparkle had been *valet* to her master at Dublin, a few weeks before whose death they had been married; that for a short time he was as attentive as husbands usually are, but that during the bustle and confusion of her master's funeral, he had disappeared, and taken along with him a handsome wardrobe, and whatever moveables were at once valuable and portable. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the husband, who falling on his knees alternately soothed the one and supplicated the other. Miss Biddy was inexorable; but Mrs. Sparkle was happy to have her husband restored to her arms at any rate; and willingly consented, on condition of his future constancy, to implore the forbearance of his injured mistress.

It might have been supposed that the detection of the frauds of this unhappy impostor, would have awakened the votaries of fanaticism to a sense of their own folly and credulity. But since his flight the harvest of methodism has been more productive than ever, and the poor inhabitants of Ashwell are now the willing and enthusiastic worshippers of a pickler of herrings. But I have, it is to be feared, already trespassed on your patience; and shall defer the portrait of our spiritual guide, till I have learned whether the information I have already transmitted affords you amusement proportioned to its length.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your faithful friend,
A CUMBERLAND MAGISTRATE.

——— *Hall, near Mary-Port,*
March 19th, 1812.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Of the intrigues that distract the councils of this institution, and the abuses by which the beneficial tendency of its statutes are impeded, we are preparing an extended and elaborate exposure; convinced that whatever may be the abstract utility of academical establishments, the conduct of the individuals connected with our English school of art, has been in the highest and most extensive degree injurious to the very interests that it was their duty to promote. At the present season, however, the lectures are the chief objects of attention to the students, and of curiosity with the public; and various considerations induce us to precede our more general remarks, by some casual strictures on the PROFESSOR OF SCULPTURE.

The voice of Mr. Flaxman is unusually powerful, his articulation distinct, and his enunciation forcible and deliberate. When compared with Turner or Fuseli, he as far excels those celebrated painters in the *art of reading* as he is confessedly inferior to the latter in every intellectual qualification. But his excellence as a mere reciter of written composition, only renders his appearance as a lecturer more injurious to the interests of art, and more dangerous to the students who submit their habits and opinions to his guidance. Delighted by the distinctness and fluency that characterize the delivery of his lectures, they listen with reluctance to compositions of a nobler order, communicated in a less pleasing form, or requiring that attention to the matter, which by the admirers of Mr. Flaxman is awakened and detained by a correct and forcible elocution. Were the *contents* of his discourses, indeed, remarkable for their intelligence and philosophy, his qualifications as a reader would be invaluable; but his discourses are nothing more than an imperfect and desul-

tory history of sculpture, inferior in correctness to that which is contained in the French Encyclopedia, and written in a style, of which the only merit is grammatical correctness. Of the philosophy of sculpture, of the metaphysical questions that apply to the subject before him, or even of the mechanical principles on which the expression of what has been happily conceived, must chiefly depend, he is either unwilling or unable to expatiate. To demonstrate his piety, he deduces the origin of sculpture from Moses; to testify his learning, he enumerates the names of the sculptors employed in the temple of Minerva; and to evince his taste, he exhibits the casts and models of several celebrated specimens of art. But *in what* the beauty of these specimens consist; why the Apollo Belvidere is more beautiful than any similar effort of human genius; or on what principles of the art, the *nates* of the Venus *de Medicis* deserve the eulogium of Winckelman, the student is left to discover from his own inquiries. Now, we had humbly ventured to conceive that the objects of the lectures at the Academy, were to correct the mistakes, and facilitate the professional studies of the junior artists: it might have been expected, therefore, without any unreasonable fastidiousness, that something should have been said by Mr. Flaxman on the merits and defects of the *ancient* masters of his art; that instead of telling us, as Lempriere had told us before, that the statue of Jupiter by Phidias, was of stupendous magnitude, he would have informed us in what consisted the difference so observable between the styles of that great sculptor and Praxiteles; and that in quoting the assertions of a foreign critic, that every merit of a celebrated statue was counterbalanced by the "want of truth in the attitude," he would have discussed the justice of the censure, and have explained to them in what the "*falseness*" of the attitude consisted.

We have expressed ourselves the more freely on the merits of Mr. Flaxman, because he is himself a niggard of his praise; because, not content with legitimate applause,

he suffers no opportunity to pass unemployed, of courting the suffrages of the weak or the ignorant; and still more strongly, because his lectures have a tendency to diffuse that affectation of magazine-learning, and that contentment with the mere information to be gathered from the pages of an encyclopedia, which has already repressed the energies of youthful enthusiasm, and reduced those who might have become the luminaries of literature, into mere repositories of dictionary knowledge, DABBLING IN EVERY THING, AND UNDERSTANDING NOTHING. Whatever three-fourths of the visitors whom Mr. Flaxman receives at the Academy with so gratifying a display of disinterested courtesy, may imagine, we beg leave to express our decided opinion that nothing can be easier than to collect from a classical dictionary a convenient number of dates and names, and to intersperse them among the detached notices respecting the progress of sculpture, that *any book* pretending to the elucidation of the fine arts, must, on the most cursory examination, supply.

The *piety of Mr. Flaxman*, we should have left to its own reward, had not its praises, in conjunction with the most fulsome eulogies on every other part of his lectures, been bandied about from one editor of a Sunday paper to another. Even the Morning Advertiser, a journal that disclaims any attention but to the useful pursuits of the lower classes of society, is crowded with accounts of the lectures of Mr. Flaxman; accounts that must be less intelligible to the mariners of Wapping, and the satin-stitch damsels of Goswell-street, than the history of Sandracottus, or Lord Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics. We had hoped that long before this time the affectation, (we shall not dignify it by the name of *superstition*,) that discovered all that was great, and awful, and beautiful, in the Holy Scriptures; which pronounced the clothing of a horse's neck with thunder, to be the most sublime of images, and stoutly resisted the erazure from the text of Longinus, of the passage in which he quotes the first

chapter of Genesis had been shamed into silence. The Scriptures were not given to the nations of the earth as models of composition, or as the repositories of scientific research, and historical knowledge; but as the vehicles of truths, compared with which all that the scholar could learn, or the philosopher discover, fade into insignificance. When Mr. Flaxman informs us, therefore, that "all that can be said of sculpture, or deduced respecting it, may be found in the holy book, the Bible," we can neither admit the truth of his position, nor admire the spirit in which it was conceived. On this subject we beg leave to submit to his attention the words of a correspondent. "True piety is modest and unobtrusive—absorbed in religious feeling, or reposing in the tranquil serenity of hope, it retires from the gaze of multitudes to enjoy in secret the raptures of communion with its Creator: or if the duties of common life call it forth to public observation, it appears not with the countenance of sanctimonious enthusiasm, but of chearful dignity and calm benevolence."

ARCHITECTURAL QUACKERY.

Our attention has been called to this important subject of satirical observation, by the perusal of a work entitled,

Architectural Sketches for Cottages, Rural Dwellings, and Villas, in the Grecian, Gothic, and Fancy Styles; with Plans suitable to Persons of genteel Life, and moderate Fortune: preceded by some Observations on Scenery and Character proper for picturesque Buildings. By R. Lugar, Architect and Land Surveyor.

Though works of this description seldom or ever come under the notice of a satirical work, from the supposed unimportance and harmless tendency of their doctrines

upon the morals of the people; yet as poison may be administered in honey, and its effects in the course of time be found equally destructive, though disguised in a specious form which allures the eye and delights the taste, only to *deceive* the judgment; it forms a part of our painful duty to the public to seek into all the mysterious avenues of human cunning and QUACKERY, in order to expose *imposture*, whether in the conduct and professions of a minister of state, or in the more humble and tranquil exertions of an architectural draftsman!

As every nation is applauded in proportion as it affords encouragement to the polite arts, in which building forms a prominent feature, and gives scope to a tasteful display of design, where the *utile duci* may be said to be found, the English have advanced considerably in the love of ornamental architecture. This passion for building has, within these few years, become so *epidemic* that all comfortable old family mansions, are now turned into temples and Roman villas, or razed from their ancient and venerable *sites* to make room for a fanciful cottage after the design of some *imposing* draftsman, who, though less useful than the medical character, *lives* and *fattens* upon the present public mania for building.

Books, therefore, that have for their object a design upon the public purse, under whatever name or form they may be published, come into our hands in a very questionable shape, and demand of us a steady and faithful exertion of our censorial duty.

This painful part of our province can only be performed under the cheerful reflection, that though we may *wound* the ambition of the author, and tarnish his fancied honors, we are doing a great and essential service to thousands of the British gentry, who indulge in architectural improvements, and decorative buildings, from the recommendation and allurement of a set of *charlatans*, who call themselves architects, but are nothing more than geometrical decoy-ducks.

Money, drawn out of the pocket of the public, by these *seemingly harmless* productions, which seduce the reader into building, at the promise of much *beauty* and great economy, and afterwards leave him pennyless; produces a train of individual and national evils, that calls for such castigation that will lead us to hope that our literary exposition of pasteboard and pencil builders, will have a salutary effect upon the public, in guarding it from imposition and plunder!

The author of the work before us proceeds to say, amidst a vast variety of *pretty things** not founded on truth, that——

"Hitherto, it has been my good fortune to meet with persons possessing mind too liberal and sensible, to be *offended at* a respectful inquiry—What sum could be conveniently spared to carry their intentions into effect? when the inquiry had for *its sole object the best interest of my employers*; and I hope it will not savour too much *of self-praise* in me to say, that I have at all times endeavoured, *not* only *to encourage any waste of money*, *by* allowing gentlemen *to over build*, and by that means incurring an endless expense in supporting a large establishment, to procure every thing in suitable order, but to confine the cost and quantity of building within the limits proposed; maturely considering, in the first instance, what sum would be absolutely necessary to be laid out, to give the required advantages and at the least charge; and not lead them to erect spacious buildings, to gratify *my own* vanity in the display of fancied taste and ability, and thereby draw *public* attention to my works by improper means."

Setting aside the negligence and inelegance which are manifest in this specimen of our author's composition, for the consideration of the more important feature of *motive* which gives birth to such publications, we must be allowed to observe that we are acquainted with several instances of that want of *honorable* economy, so highly

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* See page 9 of the book.

coloured as the *leading principle* of this new description of authors.

What will become of such professions of economy when we inform the public that one of these paste-board architects lately gave in an estimate to build a cottage for something under three thousand pounds, and when it was finished, he made a demand of *near seven* thousand, upon the gentleman who was unfortunately seduced into *building*, under the *specious* assurances of economy, which have been just quoted, and the still more *specious* sketches, which only amuse the eye as a bait to entrap the understanding of their too credulous victims.

If this declaration be true, *as we are assured* IT IS— then the reader must see that we have not unfairly taken up such dangerous works, as a proper subject of critical castigation, while the *economical professions of* these *pseudo* architects, will, in time, become as *light* as the flimsy material upon which they have too long impressed falsehood and deception, for purposes alike injurious and destructive of individual prosperity and national happiness.

Felix quem facient aliena pericula Cautum.

With the hope, that the reader will become *alive* to the philosophy of this advice, we shall venture to caution him how he places a confidence in architects, who only introduce themselves to the notice of the public, by those kind of works, that exhibit picturesque sketches of villas; cottages orneés, &c. &c. which being well engraved, shew a deception of light and shadow, that give a relievo much bolder than is consistent with the laws or economy of nature, and consequently an unjust and unfair effect to the pictorial representation of the proposed future elevation.

It is to be remembered, that whatever is began in deception, is not likely to terminate in honor; and therefore we regret to say that it is a fact, beyond the necessity of further demonstration, that the various frivolous

works of this description have been powerfully instrumental in vitiating the public taste, and may be said to possess the same mischievous tendency as those books bearing the title of "Every Man his own Lawyer," or "Every Man his own Physician,"—each eminently ruinous to the client as deleterious to the patient—unsuspectingly conducting their admirers to Chancery and the grave.

DR. HALLORAN AND GENERAL GREY.

IN the beginning of the year 1810, a duel was fought in the garrison of Cape Town, between Captain Ryan, and Paymaster Patullo of the 93d regiment: the latter attended by Captain Hitchins of the same regiment, the former by Captain W. Burke Nicholls of the 72d regiment. In this rencontre, Mr. Patullo was slightly wounded, and the affair was considered as terminated; but a few hours subsequent to the meeting, Captains Ryan and Nicholls were put under arrest by the commander of the forces, and a court martial was ordered to assemble for their trial. The parties above-mentioned had alone been privy to the transaction, and independently of the mutually implied compact of confidence on such occasions, a reciprocal pledge of secrecy upon honor was exchanged on the ground. When the court had assembled, Major Dale of the 93d regiment appeared as prosecutor, and Paymaster Patullo and Captain Hitchins as evidence for the prosecution. Major Dale had pre-engaged the assistance of the only barrister in the colony, and Captains Ryan and Nicholls were thus left destitute of all legal advice or assistance for the conduct of their defence. These gentlemen had long been Dr. Halloran's most intimate and valued friends. They applied to him surrounded by several mutual friends to write their defence; and he, in

the true spirit of honorable friendship complied with their request. Immediately after the close of the court martial, and while its sentence was yet unknown, Mr. Patullo was proposed by Major Dale as a candidate for admission to the Cape Town Subscription Society; an institution at which newspapers, pamphlets, reviews, &c. were provided for the members. At the ballot twelve persons only were present, of whom five were English, and seven Dutch gentlemen. By the former Mr. Patullo was unanimously rejected; by the latter, who knew nothing of him but through the medium of Major Dale, he was accepted. On hearing this, Dr. Halloran addressed himself to one individual director desiring to withdraw his name, and immediately after transmitted a letter to the committee of directors, informing them that he could not permit his name to appear associated with that of a person who stood decidedly and indelibly disgraced as a military man and a gentleman, and who was not admitted to any military mess in the garrison, except that of his own regiment. This circumstance, coupled with Dr. Halloran's assistance in the defence of his military friends, appears to have excited emotions in the bosom of Lieutenant-General H. Grey, of rather an ungovernable description; and in less than a week after the transmission of Dr. Halloran's intimation to the directors of the society, the General addressed to him a long and angry letter, removing him from the brigade in Cape Town, to out quarters. It will appear from the preceding statement, substantiated by the evidence adduced, that Dr. Halloran only addressed the society through the medium of a letter; but the General, either too idle or too prejudiced to arrive at the truth, informs him, that his removal "is in consequence of his addressing a public assembly, and endeavouring to exclude from society an officer for what he did in support of him." He concludes with the following remarkable expressions:

"Perhaps it may save you some trouble to add that the threat you have so often and so improperly held out,

of publicity, is a bug-bear I do not fear; on the contrary I wish every act of mine, as commander of this army, to be as public as possible; and I shall now myself send to the Commander in Chief a full statement of every thing that has passed relative to you, since you were attached to this army; which I have hitherto avoided doing, not wishing, in times like the present, when there is so much important business to attend to, to plague government with circumstances of this nature, and hoping that you would have seen your error, and not have gone such lengths as you have done."

In reply to this letter Dr. Halloran informed General Grey, that he had accepted his commission, expressly on condition of being attached to the brigade at Cape Town; but on receiving a second and peremptory order of removal, he preferred the alternative of resigning his commission, to that of enduring more aggravated insult, and resigning the scholastic and other establishments that his talents and industry had created at Cape Town. To rebut an insinuation of General Grey respecting the performance of his professional duties, he produced the testimony of the most respectable English residents; and to facilitate, as far as depended on him, the accommodation of the misunderstanding between the General and himself, he transmitted through a common friend a declaration "that in objecting to the admission of Paymaster Patullo, he had not the remotest intention or idea, directly or indirectly, of setting the Commander's authority at defiance," and expressing his sorrow that any misconstruction of his conduct should have prevented the success of his endeavours to conciliate his friendship. This application was ineffectual, and Dr. Halloran irritated by the mode in which his conduct had been noticed, and by the virtual inflictions of a severe and disgraceful punishment, for an act neither improper in itself, nor committed in his professional or responsible capacity, was excited to the composition of several poetical satires on the General's character and habits. Previous, however, to the

appearance of the first of these, several anonymous and personal strictures had been transmitted to the General, and ascribed by him (on what grounds we are unable to discover) to Dr. Halloran. These letters the Doctor solemnly disavows, asserting "most unequivocally and solemnly that he had not at any time composed, or copied, or dictated, or transmitted, directly or indirectly, any letter or other paper, without his legitimate signature." This communication concluded with the following words. "You have told me in your letter of the 18th ult.—'your threat of publicity is a *bug-bear* I am not afraid of; on the contrary, I wish every act of mine as commander of this army to be made as public as possible;'—I admire the manliness of the sentiment, and I have taken you at your word! I have, I candidly tell you, written for publication, several poetical bug-bears, as well as prose strictures on various parts of your conduct both public and private; which, if you possess sufficient magnanimity, you are welcome to peruse, and I enclose one of the number for that purpose," &c.

This enclosure consisted of a poem, with the subjoined title, and of which the annexed passages are extracts.

"For publication.

"Vincam, vel superatus, non *sine sanguine* vincar!
"*Αιμα μελαινον*, black blood, viz. ink."

Bugbear, No. 1, or, Hamilton's Ghost.

Monstrum horrendum, et truci formidabile, Graio!

On his downy couch reclining,
To rest by opiates composed;
The midnight moon obscurely shining;
The Grey friar and his nun reposed.

Howled the tempest round his dwelling,
Gleamed the sky with meteors red;
When arose with hideous yelling,
Spectres of the injured dead.

From their gloomy cearments breaking,
On the noon of night they glide,
With immortal anguish waking,
While all nature slept beside.

These the Grey friar's couch surrounding,
On his feverish visions broke;
When in conscience' voice astounding,
Thus a grisly spectre spoke.

Need I tell my fatal story,
I am *Hamilton's* sad ghost,
Nipp'd in the career of glory,
By oppression's blighting frost.

In the prime of youth I perished;
Wretch, by thee to madness driven;
When, my soul had mercy cherished,
Still that soul had bloomed for heaven.

Ever shall my spectre haunt thee,
Flashing on thy conscious mind;
In the dance or banquet daunt thee,
In thy dark recesses find.

In conscience' still small voice affright thee,
When deep darkness wraps the pole;
And to fate in thunders cite thee,
When the storms of battle roll.

When the dreadful groans of nature,
Earth's convulsive fabric shook;
On the clouds with giant stature,
Her throne immortal justice took.

Then, thy cheek was blanched with terrors,
When this awful voice was heard;
Who—for nature's venial errors,
As himself had never erred.

By relentless fury guided,
My eternal dictates spurns;
And the sword to him confided,
On the unhappy victim turns.

Him by this dire presage daunted,
I summon to my equal throne,
When the mercy he has granted,
Shall be the measure of his own.

But on thee, thou foe to merit,
Her balm shall Pity never shed;
Remorse shall rack thy living spirit,
And direr pangs await thee, dead.

"The circumstances," says Dr. Halloran, "on which these charges are founded, are briefly these:—A young officer of good family and education, had committed several juvenile errors, which called, however, for reprehension from his superiors; and accordingly the officer commanding at the Cape, sent him into exile at *Hout's* bay. While he was there some near relations of his, returning from India, touched at the Cape, whom he made repeated but ineffectual applications for permission to visit. On the departure of the fleet without such permission for a mutual interview, the unhappy youth destroyed himself."

Up to the transmission of the preceding verses, the conduct of Dr. Halloran had been characterized by a spirit of manly independence, tempered with the prudence that was due to himself, and the respect demanded by the rank of his oppressor. But no circumstances of irritation will entirely excuse so gross and uncalled for an attack on the commander of his majesty's forces. To await, in dignified silence, the fiat of his sovereign, would have been most advantageous to his interests, and most becoming his sacred profession, as well as the relation in which he stood to the author of his wrongs. Nor, should it be admitted that the composition of the *Bug-bear*, was excusable in an individual, whose feelings had been wantonly lacerated, and whose fortunes malignantly destroyed, can the same apology be made for his avowal to General Grey, that he had received several anonymous and slanderous productions animadverting on the General's private and public conduct, which he was resolved to transmit to England. Of all the individuals

at the Cape, he was the last who ought to have chosen such an office: to the mind of General Grey his readiness to fulfil it must have conveyed the impression of persevering and resolute hostility; by the enemies of Dr. Halloran, his proceeding would be censured as revengeful, and by his friends it must have been regarded as indelicate.

But the warmth of the Doctor's language would have been forgiven by a generous mind, as the phrenzied ebullition of feelings stimulated to expression by the prospect of disgrace and poverty; and the indelicacy to be reprobated in the transmission of the papers, might be the just object of regret to Dr. Halloran's friends, but could only excite the vindictive resentment of a mind so weak as to be agitated by the most trivial causes, or a conscience so tender as to be susceptible of laceration by the most light and fragile instruments. Up to the institution of legal proceedings, the motives of reciprocal resentment appear to have been so equally balanced as to leave no legitimate plea of injury to the General; and even admitting that exemplary patience was displayed on the part of the soldier and the most unworthy virulence on the part of the divine, the punishment of the latter had already (supposing it to be sanctioned by his majesty) been sufficiently rigorous and exemplary. "A generous enemy," says the Doctor, "my sufferings should surely have disarmed—for even in hatred there are distinctions; and the direst foes moderate their aversion and hostility, towards a disarmed and prostrate adversary."

A spirit very different, however, from that of magnanimity, appears to have directed the progress, and influenced the issue of the proceedings. Immediately on their commencement, Dr. Halloran appealed in a letter couched in language, which even the legal authorities of England would have pronounced to be regular and correct, against the jurisdiction of the Dutch court. For *transcribing* this letter, Dr. Halloran's amanuensis, Mr. F. H. Staedhall, who, even if the letter had been in the highest degree

irregular or offensive, could not have shared in its criminality, since he was unacquainted with the English language, was prosecuted by his majesty's fiscal "for having *written a libel*;" with claim for twelve months imprisonment in the common gaol, and costs of suit; and he was actually cast in the costs, and sentenced to three months imprisonment by the *soi-disant* court of justice at the Cape. It is not our intention to detail the various forms of legal proceeding, or to enumerate the appeals and objections on one side, and the replications on the other. Prolix and tedious as the forms of English courts are usually considered, they are far exceeded in formality and tautology by the proceedings before the Dutch judicature. At length, on the 15th of December, 1810, they pronounced the following sentence; "the court has banished the defendant, declared him to have fallen under the terms of the proclamation of the 3d of September, 1792; and conformable thereto condemned him in a penalty of fifty-six rix dollars, and also to be confined in the public prison, there to remain at his (*own*) expence till there may be an opportunity of putting the said sentence of banishment against the defendant into execution."

On the delivery of the sentence Dr. Halloran lodged an appeal in the proper court, which immediately affirmed the former judgment. He then earnestly solicited the indulgence of being liberated from his confinement until the period of his embarkation, for the consolation of his family, and the settlement of his affairs, on giving bail to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, for his appearance when called upon. The governor, Lord Caledon, having rejected this request, Dr. Halloran entreated that he might be allowed, on finding bail to the amount already specified, to visit his family from seven till nine o'clock in the evening. This application also was refused, so that from the date of the sentence to the period of Dr. Halloran's arrival in England, he had no communication with his wife and children. Of the concluding scene, a scene that would have disgraced the most barbarous people, it

is difficult to express our sentiments without subjecting *ourselves* to the brutality that we would wish to hold up to public execration. Having protested against the legality of the sentence, he was conveyed from prison by a force of thirteen armed men to a boat lying near the dock-yard. He immediately dispatched his servant boy, who happened to be in attendance on him, to desire Mrs. Halloran and his daughters to meet him, and receive his parting embrace and benediction. His messenger speedily returned in breathless haste to announce their approach; but the boat was not allowed by the fiscal's officers to wait their arrival! His family are still retained in that remote colony in the most distressing circumstances, and without the means of return. His applications for redress have hitherto been unavailing, and his petition for a passage to this country, and suitable accommodation for his family, has received only a cold and formal reply. Nor has he any other support under these multiplied afflictions, but the confidence that those, who in the moment of distress came forward to relieve the husband and the parent, will not now forget the matron and her children.

When it is considered on the very day the general's order of removal from Cape Town was given, Dr. Halloran had entered into a legal engagement to retain the appointment of rector of the grammar school for five years, that he had formed an establishment for the purposes of general education at an expence of more than two thousand pounds, and that he had engaged to himself an extensive circle of respectable and honourable friends, who loved him for his virtues and reverenced him for his great and various attainments, and that his situation justified the most pleasing anticipations of permanent prosperity; the cruelty of the sentence, and its disproportion to the crime committed, even supposing its commission to have been attended with no palliating circumstances, must strike the most unobserving with wonder, and the most unfeeling with abhorrence. And when it is known that this sentence was directed by external influence, that

none of the proceedings were free or independent, and that Major Watson refused to attend the court in favour of Dr. Halloran, because it might expose him to the open hostility or private resentment of General Grey, by whose *power and influence* his professional prospects, with regard both to advantage and employment, might in consequence be materially obstructed, or deteriorated: every patriot and every man of feeling will indulge a hope, that the result of the gracious promise of the Prince Regent, that the case shall be taken into consideration, will not only terminate in the restoration of Dr. Halloran to his former affluence, but in the disgrace of the individuals who have abused their authority for the purposes of oppression.

In the mean time, as a proof of the spirit in which General Grey fulfilled the duties of his station, we beg leave to lay before our readers the subjoined general order. A production more disgraceful to its authors, or more illegal in its construction, we do not remember to have seen; and we are certain that had it issued from the escrutoire of any officer on an *European* station, he would have been cashiered.

General Orders, previous to the Sitting of the Court.

Head Quarters, 28th Dec. 1809.

"A General Court Martial to assemble on Thursday the 4th of January, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Castle, for the trial of Capt. Ryan, of the 93d regiment, and Capt. Nicolls of the 72d regiment; the former for having sent, and the latter for having delivered, a challenge to the Paymaster of the 93d regiment. Capt. Ryan, having been before tried for the same offence, it is needless to make any observations on his conduct. But the Commander of the Forces must express his extreme surprize, that any officer from another corps should have been found to interfere in the disgraceful *dissensions*, which have so long prevailed in the 93d regiment; and he feels convinced, that Capt. Nicolls, of the 72d regiment, is the only officer of this army, who would have acted such a part, which can only be considered as setting at defiance the approbation of his superiors.

"With whatever art these gentlemen may think they have conducted themselves in this transaction, and whatever the result of the Court Martial may be, the proceedings will at least place their characters in a true point of view, to his Majesty, and the Commander in Chief.

"The conduct of Captains Ryan and Nicolls upon this occasion, is farther aggravated by the supposed offence on the part of the Paymaster having been on a point of duty, and of the most trifling nature; and the Commander of the Forces is convinced, that every officer, who has the good of the service at heart, will feel with him the necessity of checking the idea, "that officers in the execution of their duty are to be personally responsible to every man who chooses to pique himself on the reputation of a duellist."

If a case may be thus prejudged, because the object of accusation is at a distance from his country; if oppression be sanctioned by the British court, because it is committed in a foreign land; and a people who pride themselves on the justice of their laws, and the impartiality with which they are administered, regard with indifference the injuries of a fellow-subject, because they have been inflicted in a tropical latitude, of what avail have been the wisdom of our statesmen, or the fortitude of our patriots? If many cases like that of Dr. Halloran have occurred in our distant possessions, the sum of happiness at home bears no proportion to the miseries that our fellow-Englishmen have sustained by the mal-administration of justice abroad; and tyranny is only driven from our shores, to rage with tenfold fury on the plains of Asia, and in the deserts of Africa.

MISS ELIZABETH'S JOURNAL.

EXTRACT THE FIRST.

"How dull and dreary are the chambers of celibacy! Seventeen years have now glided away since I became a resident of this gloomy mansion, nor during that long long period have I ventured to indulge in one expression of natural feeling, or to smile approval on the spontaneous attentions of those whom my peculiarity of situation alone prevented from becoming the most ardent and faithful lovers! Often as I have contemplated from the terrace casement the declension of the evening sun, the unrestricted intercourse of the crowds below has excited my envy, and impressed on my remembrance sentiments of indelible regret. Alas! to me no smile is visible but the smile of self-complacency: I hear the language of flattery, but am never addressed in the accents of tenderness; love is banished from the habitation of my father, and futurity presents a gloomy prospect of joyless *maidenhood.* Agitated by contending emotions I sometimes weep in the anguish of a broken spirit, and sometimes regard the beings who surround me with sentiments bordering on revenge. But the scenes of this day have taught me that the only feeling they are worthy of exciting is derision: I am not so *quixotic* as to feel resentment or anger at the evolutions of a set of puppets, the slaves of accident and ceremony; but to laugh at the oddness of their construction and their movements may perhaps be amusing, and is certainly excusable."

* * * * * *

"I never supposed Freddy to be overburthened with good sense, but he has more of his father's temperament than the rest of the family, and never leaves his reason

in the delirium of pleasure. His passions are too strong to be restrained by a sense of propriety, yet his habits of caution so predominant, that he never gives himself up with any degree of zest even to his most favorite indulgences. If his mistress demanded, as the price of her consent, a thousand pounds, he would give it rather than lose her, yet would trick her in the *counting* by a one pound note. I really think that there is no scene of licentiousness in which he would not consent to become a partner; yet during the hours of enjoyment, he would think to himself "what would be thought should my father discover me?" I should care nothing about his meanness, for I have few opportunities of seeing it, but his manner is so unpleasing, that I cannot endure him. Every attitude, and every motion, and every look, is expressive of selfishness: even when he wishes to look affectionately at us, he seems to say, you are dear to me, because you are *my* sisters; you derive all your claims on my love from your relation to my person: as Elizabeth and Sophia, you are so! so! girls; but as the daughters of my father, you have some claim to my attention and good offices." But this is the fault of his education and not of his heart; he is really a very affectionate and well-meaning man; would to heaven his wisdom was equal to his goodness! I am not able to judge of his qualities as a soldier, but I well remember the curious dialogue that passed between papa and him on his return from Holland."

Freddy was sulky, my dear papa was afflicted and shed tears; I pitied them both, and should have pitied Freddy more, if he had not appeared as proud of himself as if he had been a second Alexander. I could not refrain from smiling, when just as my brother began to swell into consequence at the remembrance of his exploits, papa exclaimed, 'Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! you have been a bad boy, a bad boy! go to bed! go to bed! and say your prayers! do! do!'"

Tuesday.

"B——— has this morning given me an account of poor George's *chere amie.* She was the daughter of Mr. S. a gentleman in ———shire, and was married, not at a malpropos moment to a Mr. F. a poor weak mortal, who indulged all her whims, and was the silent witness of all her follies. She led him a weary life, and sent him to the grave by downright cruelty.---I hate the woman. She assumes all the elegancies of the virtuous female, and though she knows that she is publicly regarded as a shameless profligate, appears to demand from us, the respect that none of us *can* pay to any one but a legitimate sister-in-law. How poor George can live with her, heaven has not enabled me to guess; but his friends have persuaded him that every feeling of his soul is of the noblest kind, and that he is born to command, and need only look to overawe. He chuses old and matronly women, while he prefers the young, the sparkling and the unsophisticated, to shew his predominance over the most masculine spirits, and his ability to control the most unmanageable tempers. Dear dear George! If a statue of vanity were erected on the earth, it ought to be in thy image and with thy attributes. Thou art a philosopher, without the power of stringing together three connected ideas; an orator, just able to ask a jockey how he does, and bid thy mistress a fine morning; a soldier, whose martial prowess consists in having conquered three fencing masters, who *gave* thee the victory; a man of great and generous sentiments, whose expansive soul extends to the contraction of debts never intended to be paid, and the seduction of mistresses whom thou art not destined to enjoy. My poor brother has no regular pursuit nor any accomplishment in which he particularly excels. He sings a little, dances a little, and scribbles a little, and eats and drinks a great deal. One quarter of an hour he devotes to his book, another to S———, another to F——— the fighting master, three hours to dinner, the evening to his wine, and the night to Mrs. F."

MRS. WYNDHAM AND COLONEL GREVILLE.

An appeal to the gentlemen of England from a *ci-devant* pupil of Mrs. W——— against a colonel and a man of family, is almost as extraordinary as the elevation of a *pot girl* at the *queen's larder* to the possession of a handsome establishment in Argyle-street. When men of family pledge themselves, however, to the introduction of a female friend into the fashionable institutions over which they are licensed to preside, they have no right to be angry if the gay world listens with delight to any statement that has a tendency to render them the objects of derision.

Infirmity of body, if it may be received as an excuse for indiscretion, cannot justly be advanced as an apology for guilt; and whatever sentiments of compassion formerly dissuaded us from a full and satisfactory exposition of the various arts by which Colonel Greville has endeavoured to repair a ruined fortune at the expence of the public, have been dissipated by the publication of his conduct to a lady, who independent of her peculiar claims on his personal gratitude, deserves the support of every man of honour not totally insensible to the charms of beauty. If the statement of Mrs. Wyndham be true, Colonel Greville can no longer claim the rank or character of a gentleman; that it is *false*, he has not ventured to assert; and supposing him to be guiltless of the chief point of accusation, that of having cajoled her by false representations into the payment of three hundred pounds, which together with other sums he has refused to return, it tends to place his conduct in a very ridiculous, and his character in a very unamiable light. To live upon the friends, whom it is his daily and favourite employment to abuse, is not the practice of a man of honor; to obtain their money and then laugh at their credulity, is equally inconsistent with

the principles of rectitude, and the feelings of a gentleman.

Mrs. Wyndham first met Colonel Greville at a party in Holles-street, and having heard that he was a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the fair sex, she felt much shocked at the alteration time and sickness had made in him. His appearance and plausible manner interested her much. About a month afterwards she found that he lodged opposite her house, and seeing his dejected state, and apparently deserted by all those who had courted his acquaintance, she gave him a general invitation to her house and table. She had the gratification to find both his health and spirits mend from the comfort and attention it was in her power to bestow on him; in other respects, however, she repented of her good-natured offer, for the Colonel made her house his home, and went so far as to see his friends and tradespeople there, instead of his own lodgings. Not content with this, he thought proper to enquire into her circumstances with very impertinent, and at *that time* unaccountable minuteness, and added to his other offences the meanness of clandestinely endeavouring to persuade Mrs. Wyndham's man servant to leave his mistress, a design in which he so far succeeded as to make him totally regardless of her, and attentive only to the Colonel.

From a man of Greville's disposition, and so constantly at Mrs. Wyndham's house, it was impossible wholly to conceal her affairs. She had sold some property, and in part payment had taken some notes to the amount of four hundred pounds. Having been in the city to get them discounted, she had kept Colonel Greville waiting dinner, and as an excuse for so doing told him what business had detained her, and that she had been unsuccessful. He upbraided her for her closeness towards him, and offered to *get them* done for her, at a much less loss than would be possible in case of her own negociation. The result of this business was a balance of fifty pounds due from Mrs. Wyndham to Colonel Greville, which was

paid soon after her return from a short trip to Brighton. Being almost worn to death, however, by Colonel Greville's continual *worry* about his affairs and his health, she was obliged to seek relief by again going to that place. On her return to town in ten days, he was constantly painting the Pantheon scheme to her in the brightest colours, and tried to persuade her that if she entered into the concern she would make her fortune. "The more" (he observes in one of his letters), the more I consider the business of the Pantheon, the more I admire and approve of the scheme; nor is it because it *was* my own original *ideas*, and intended three years ago for my own institution in Argyle-street, that I am partial to it, but from a conviction that nothing can paralyze its immense advantage, but the misfortune of being in obscure hands. Convinced and satisfied as I am that if with what they have got, they can command a couple of thousands, the gains will be enormous, while not the smallest risk attends the undertaking. *I certainly shall not part with my share*, and strongly advise you, if y u can, to procure a thousand pounds—if you do, the two proprietors have offered me to relinquish a portion of their shares, which, with the half of mine, I shall with pleasure make over to you; but recollect this must be entirely between you and me. I've no doubts five or 6000*l.* will be coming in. Let me know your final decision, and pray at any rate be mum."

Mrs. Wyndham had at this time such a perfect reliance upon his honor, that if she could have raised the money she certainly would have yielded to his representations; but finding that she could not obtain the requisite sum, she declined having any thing to do with the speculation. *On this* the Colonel began to complain that the badness of his health, and the other schemes he had in view, made it impossible for him to bestow those attentions and exertions that the institution required; and as nothing now could prevent the success of it, he would, as some return for the kindnesses bestowed

upon him by Mrs. Wyndham, agree to assign over his right to her, on condition that she paid certain sums he had answered for, and allow him five *per cent* out of the emoluments she might derive from the concern. For the first part an assignment was to pass between them, and for the five *per cent*, he would be satisfied if Mrs. Wyndham took an oath on the Bible, that she would pay it him or his family.

After the exchange of assignments she lent him 100l. in performance of a former promise towards the payment of 200*l.* to Mr. Morton the solicitor. Soon after this transaction Colonel Greville called as his friend was dressing, and as she could not see him, he sent up a letter he had received, and the following piece of paper:

"Mr. Bonner has just sent me this—what a scrape we shall get into—and what an atrocious villain. Taylor has bribed him."

Mrs. Wyndham does not exactly remember the contents of the letter, but it went to state that the institution was totally ruined. At first this intelligence was regarded by Mrs. Wyndham with indifference; but she was informed by the Colonel that they meant to bring him in a partner, that as he had sold his share to her, *she* must be responsible, that there was a likelihood of its becoming a bankruptcy, and in that case she would lose the whole of her property and be completely ruined. After the dreadfull alarm into which she was thrown, he calmed her in some degree, by telling her that if she could let him have 300*l.* he would "*let her off*," on the additional understanding that in case of any lawsuit being commenced against him, she should be at one half the expence. In these conditions Mrs. Wyndham gladly acquiesced, and had they been much more distressing, they would have obtained her compliance.

After this he informed her that he had asked his solicitor, and found that they could not make him a bankrupt: that the business was settled much better than he had expected, that he had satisfied a few of the worst by

the money she gave him, and that the others could only bring actions, which with her assistance in paying half the costs, he should be able to defend. He told her that 500*l.* advanced to the institution, he borrowed of a Mr. Withers or Villiers; this money he had to pay about May. He asked her if she could lend him 150*l.* or get any one to do so without his name appearing in it: she could not do this herself, but obtained in her own name 120*l.* for which she was to give a premium of 10*l.* It will be observed that this sum, with the three hundred pounds obtained by alarming Mrs. Wyndham with the prospect of becoming a partner in the Pantheon bankruptcy, and the 100*l.* lent makes a sum total of 530*l.*——After more than one apology for non-payment, and some marks of coldness on the part of Mrs. Wyndham, he became a less assiduous visitor. After an absence of some duration, she was informed that he had gone abroad; she began to be alarmed. She now made some fruitless applications for his address, and her patience being at length exhausted, she mentioned for the first time his having borrowed the money. Her astonishment may be easily conceived, at learning, in return, that he had borrowed 300*l.* of a Mrs. Finch, a lady who had come from the country to Mrs. Wyndham's house, for the purpose of consulting the London physicians on the state of her health. This determined Mrs. Wyndham to write to his family, but having been informed of his return, she delayed the transmission of her note, in the hopes of seeing him. Having waited in vain, she began to think that delicacy on her part was superfluous, and on going down to dinner was "thunder-struck" to find that Mrs. Finch had received a letter from him, in which he promised the repayment of her money, but assured her at the same time by every thing that was sacred that he was not indebted to Mrs. Wyndham, nor ever had been, and that no money transactions whatever had passed between Mrs. W. and him, except his once letting her have 300*l.*! He admitted that Mrs. Wyndham had been very

kind to him, but thought he had amply repaid her by making her a present of some trinkets! Those trinkets Mrs. W. informs us, were presented to her with so much formality, that she fully expected to receive a casket of diamonds, but their value was in fact not more than three guineas, a noble remuneration for the comforts and conveniences of a respectable establishment, the attentions of a sympathizing friend, and all the cares and assiduities that restored his health, and soothed the habitual infirmities of a distracted intellect!

In consequence of the Colonel's letter to Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Wyndham wrote to inform him of her conviction that he intended to "swindle" her out of the 530l., and demanding, on pain of immediate publicity, either the money itself, or a note indorsed by his family. To this application he returned the following extraordinary answer, which of itself we conceive fully substantiates all Mrs. Wyndham's assertions, and exhibits a singular specimen of jesuitical subterfuge.

"Madam,

"I am not aware that I expressed any sentiment in my note to Mrs. Finch, that could authorise you to call it rascally and mean. With respect to the one I have received from you, containing a threat of exposure and prosecution, unless I this day pay you 530l. which you state you lent me, I have only to reply that if unhappily my character is privately or publicly libelled, I must submit to all the vexations which the defending of it must occasion me; and the greatest of which will be the grief of having to call Mrs. Wyndham my accuser. In the mean time I will thank you to favor me with an account of *when, how, and where* the money was advanced by you; and if you can inform me who the people are whom I have traduced, and who the ladies are whom I have swindled, you will much oblige your humble servant,

H. F. Greville."

With this letter terminated their correspondence, and (we are afraid) Mrs. Wyndham's prospects of repayment.

Nor is the mere loss of the money the only cause of her regret: she has too much reason to believe that during the time of the Colonel's residence at her house, he employed himself in traducing her character to her female friends, and that the kindness with which he was received and the sisterly amenity with which she endeavoured to soothe his afflictions, and recover his infirmities, were received without sensibility, and repaid by the most wanton ingratitude.

That Colonel Greville, indeed, is a man not easily deterred from trespassing on the kindness or forbearance of his friends, is sufficiently evident from many instances of his conduct during the period of the preceding transactions. Two days, (says Mrs. Wyndham,) after I came from Brighton, his servant came to me to beg for God's sake, that I would allow Colonel Greville to sleep at my house, as his own was so damp that it would kill him to be there. I sent him for answer that I had no room I could possibly offer to him. The servant returned, and pointed out a room that was not occupied next my dining parlor. This I determined not to let him have, as I disliked having a sick person so near my eating-room. Wishing to put an end to his request altogether, I said I had no apartment but a garret that was fitted up for a little girl I had adopted, not supposing it possible he would accept of this. To my utter astonishment, in two hours after, a coach drew up, loaded with all sorts of dressing utensils, &c. &c. I expected to see lashed behind it the celebrated slipper-bath, Mr. Dick used laughing to say, he *addled* himself in whilst receiving his morning visitors. So far from feeling himself obliged to me for the inconvenience he was likely to put me to, he seemed to be inclined to quarrel the whole of dinner-time, for my not giving him the room he wanted. As my dining parlor is large for the size of the house, and knowing he was accustomed to have a good many morning visitors, I gave it him to receive them in. This, I conceived, would only put me out of the way for a short time, as I expected he meant to take a lodging as soon as he could meet with one that would suit him.

"A few days after this as I was passing the parlor in my way to the carriage, I knocked at the door to ask after his health. He spoke to me in the most impetuous manner, complaining loudly that he could not have the room an instant to himself: my servant was constantly in and out preparing the sideboard for dinner. He said he had twenty people that morning upon secret business, and it was really not to be borne. I was almost dumb with astonishment at his impudence, and coolly answered, I was sorry it was not in my power to make him more comfortable. On my return I could scarcely get into my passage for trunks, books, &c. On enquiring the cause of all this bustle, I was informed Colonel Greville was going. I went to him, and said, though an untruth, that I was sorry he was going in such a hurry. He absolutely flew into a rage with me. "Mrs. Wyndham," said he, "I must and will always have a room to myself—I left my own wife because I could not have my own way." Seeing the lady who was with me, ready to burst at his speech, I felt quite angry, and said, "Very likely, Colonel Greville; but as I have never aspired to the honor of being either your wife or your mistress, you must excuse me if I say your conduct is very improper, and I feel quite delighted at your resolution of leaving my house:" we parted, and the next time we met, without any apology, were as good friends as ever; I appeal *even to the Greville party* whether this does not look a little like madness."

That the freedom with which we have expressed our opinions of his conduct and character should excite the anger of Colonel Greville is impossible. He will surely allow to others the same liberty of speech, that he has exercised himself; and if, therefore, we were to say of him as he said of Mr. Arnold, that "he has not a mind larger than a pigeon's," or were to pronounce, as he has pronounced of Mr. Bonner, that he is "an atrocious villain," what possible apology could he adduce for complaining of our freedom? A man so open to attack, should be careful how he traduces the characters of

others; but if he must gratify his passion for abuse, prudence at least should dissuade him from committing his sentiments to those, whom conscience must teach him to regard in prospective as his inveterate enemies. At the time that he was borrowing Mrs. Wyndham's money he should have remembered that the time of payment would arrive, and that exposure would be the natural result of his refusal to perform his promise. Had his foresight therefore been equal to his cunning, he would have written nothing, that when disclosed should not contribute to his advantage. In the present case, his indiscretions have placed him at the mercy of a speculator, to whom his deportment was always of the most obsequious character, of a manager whose interest is necessary to the prosecution of his plans, and of a nobleman, (Lord Headfort,) whose countenance may be necessary to his retention in certain circles of society.

But (to emulate his learning) *experientia docet*, and we hope that when his extraordinary conduct respecting the Pantheon licence, under which Messrs. Cundy and Caldas opened the establishment, shall call for copies of his correspondence, it will not be found to contain the most gross abuse of his "dearest" friends, and the most servile adulation of those whom he privately professes to pity or detest.

THE REVIEWER, No. X.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, a Romaunt, by Lord Byron. 4*to.* 1*l.* 10*s.* Murray.

We have waited for the appearance of the production before us, with an anxiety only equalled by the disappointment we have felt at our inability to bestow upon it

that warm and unmingled praise which would alone secure us, in the mind of his lordship, from the suspicion of being guided in our criticism by any feeling of personal resentment. Selected as the most prominent objects of that abuse by which his lordship's retaliatory poem was so pre-eminently distinguished, we have retorted his attack with the manly openness of an honorable combatant; and though the javelin of this literary Hector fell pointless before the shield of truth, we hail with no unnatural exultation every public and splendid evidence of the worthiness of the hand that directed its threatening but harmless flight. That Lord Byron, as a didactic poet has surpassed the majority of his predecessors, and far excels the most celebrated of his contemporaries, we were among the first to admit; and though it must be confessed that he makes too unsparing a use of the language and sentiments of his predecessors, yet there are parts of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," from which if we abstract the ascription of originality we cannot withhold the praise of classical elegance. But he is more elegant than spirited, and rather ingenious than splendid. All that labour, directed by taste, and operating on a moderate portion of materials, could accomplish, he has performed; but he possesses no luxuriance of fancy, or enthusiasm of sentiment: the images of a poetical creation do not crowd upon his mind, but present themselves before him in formal and regular succession, adorned with no ideal attributes, and apparelled in the homely and unattractive drapery of daily life. His stanzas do not seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of exuberant thought laboring for expression, but the manufacture of mechanical exertion endeavouring to contribute by regularity of ornament for the worthlessness of the original material. He is not at a loss for words to express his ideas, but for ideas to sustain the weight of a verbal superstructure. He observes indeed that the stanza of Spenser admits of every variety, and quotes Dr. Beattie to prove that in his measure, "you may be either droll

or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical as the humour strikes you;" but he ought to have remembered that to do any of these things with great effect in the stanza of Spenser, demands an originality of genius, and a versatility of talent, of which no one can presume himself to be the possessor, whose vanity is not fully equal to his prudence. The couplet of Pope is adapted to those of whom the elegance is more remarkable than the genius; the stanza of Spenser ought to be selected by him alone, whose ideas swell into exuberance, or whose sentiments expand into unpremeditated expression.

That these remarks are neither uncandid nor gratuitous, might be proved from every stanza of the Pilgrimage. But the great defect of the poem is its want of purpose to reward attention, or of interest to excite it. It is in reality a descriptive poem, but the descriptions are connected together by no stronger tie than the locomotive caprice of Childe Harolde. If the "Childe" resolves to travel into Phrygia, Phrygia is described; if Albania detains him for a few weeks, the reader is detained to dwell upon its beauties, through a proportionate number of stanzas. The book may be laid down at the termination of any passage, without reluctance or inconvenience; the reader of page 23 has no motive, independently of the possible beauty of composition, to turn over to page 24; and at the end of the two preliminary cantos published in the volume before us, it would be impossible to determine why the poem is not as technically complete, as if a dozen cantos were to succeed them.

The interest of the work is much diminished by its appearance under the form of a romaunt. A *romaunt*, if it implies any thing, implies a poem descriptive of manners long since past, composed at a time coeval with the existence of those manners, and in language appropriate to the scenes and persons introduced. But the Pilgrimage of Childe Harolde, by Lord Byron, contains allusions to the tyranny of Napoleon, descriptions of the modern boundaries of Spain and Portugal, and

a poetical eulogy on the Maid of Saragoza! The language and phraseology of Spenser is only so far imitated as it affords a licence to error, and a plea for indolence. It admits of the employment of *do* and *did* whenever the introduction of the expletive may seem convenient, and affords a tolerable rhime where modern words might be found untractable. The author of a *romaunt* after the manner of Lord Byron, has no task more arduous, than first to write his poem in decent English, and then to substitute a few convenient, and a few antiquated words, for more modern or less sonorous synonymes. *Ee* will then become an easy substitute for *eye*, *ne* for *no* and *nor*, *right* for *old*, and any thing else that is convenient for any thing else that is correct. The subjoined stanzas afford a fair example of Lord Byron's defects of thought and manner.

15.

O Christ it is a *goodly* sight to see,
What heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What *goodly* prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand.
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge,
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge,
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foeman *purge*.

16.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold,
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which Poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels *did* ride,
Of mighty strength since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians *did* her aid afford;
A nation swollen with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loath the hand that waves the sword,
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

17.

> But whoso entereth within the town,
> That sheening far celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down,
> 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee,
> For hut and palace show like filthily;
> The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,
> Ne personage of high or mean degree,
> Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
> Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

In the first of these stanzas the quaintness of the exclamation, and the conversion of heaven's thunderbolts into a dose of physic; in the second the uncouth and unnecessary repetition of the expletive; and in the third the substitution of sheening and ne, for modern words more accordant with the phraseology of the sentence, and more expressive in their meaning, are particularly offensive. But the verbal faults of the stanzas are not so observable as the general disproportion between the copiousness of the words, and with the paucity of the ideas.

When he subjects himself to an involuntary comparison with the only contemporary writer who has celebrated the Spanish contest in a similar measure, his imperfections as a versifier are not less conspicuous than his deficiencies as a poet. Compare, for instance, the exuberant, varied and melodious swell of the subjoined extract from Don Roderic, with the tame succession of syllables in which Lord Byron endeavours to pour forth ideas of a similar character.

> For they might spy beyond that mighty breach,
> Realms as of Spain in visioned prospect laid,
> Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
> As by some skilful artist's hand pourtrayed,
> Here crossed by many a wild sierra's shade;

And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye,
There rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep embrown'd with forest huge and high,
Or washed by mighty streams that slowly murmured by.

Rearing their crests amidst the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moon-light,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white,
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial ground outstretched below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night,
All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Tejo's ceaseless flow.

SCOTT.

Compared with the last of these lines, merely as an example of metrical excellence, the favorite passages of Thelwall, introduced with so much pomp to elucidate an erroneous and imperfect theory of rhythmus, are the sing-song playthings of literary infants.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Ween ye what bounds the rival realms divide,
Or ere the jealous queens of nature meet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?
Ne barrier wall, *ne* river deep and wide,
Ne horrid craggs, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

BYRON, stanza 32.

His attempts at humour are singularly unsuccessful; but we must now hasten to gratify our readers by an extract or two from the more fortunate passages of the work, and shall leave the stanzas on the Cintra convention, to be read by those who delight in the contemplation of deformity.

The subjoined description of the most prominent objects constituting a Portuguese landscape, do credit to his lordship's accuracy as an observer of nature, and to his judgment as a metrical painter.

> The horrid craggs by toppling convents crowned,
> The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain moss by scorching skies embrowned,
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep.
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
> The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
> The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
> The vine on high, the willow branch below,
> Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.
>
> 19.

His minor poems are only distinguished from the similar productions in the Hours of Idleness, by the interspersion of classical names, and Romaic quotations. But the *good night* in the first canto possesses greater merit than he usually displays, when he employs the alternate, or ballad measure. The Romaic vocabulary and *fac simile* may be objects of pleasing curiosity to the dilletanti travellers, who love to revive their recollections of an interesting subject of scholastic speculation. From one of the notes, however, explanatory of this part of his work, it is evident that the severity of the Edinburgh Reviewers towards his minor publications, has left on his mind an impression of resentment as permanent as injudicious.

The following stanzas are of an order so superior to what could be expected from a mere poetaster, that were not Lord Byron's talents so peculiarly adapted to didactic poetry, they would afford no inadequate excuse for assuming the lofty tone and portly march of Spenser and Campbell. The poet has displayed considerable felicity in the portraiture of Childe Harolde, who having run through sin's long labyrinth, till beauty had lost its charms, and wine its exhilirating power, resolves to fly from the haunts of early dissipation, to distant and unpolluted scenes.

Childe Harolde basked him in the noon-tide ray,
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deemed before his little day was done,
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his past by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befel;
He felt the fulness of satiety;
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

We shall conclude our extracts with the stanzas devoted to the celebration of the Maid of Saragoza.

54.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And all unsexed the Anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,
Now views the column scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead,
Stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread.

55.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye, that mocks her coal black veil,
Heard her light lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower,
Beheld her smile in danger's gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's cheerful pace.

56.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain, she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host;
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul;
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

In spite of the various talent displayed in this production, it is impossible to rise from its perusal without lamenting that the labour employed in its composition was not devoted to some more congenial subject of didactic poetry. As it is, in attempting to astonish, his lordship has voluntarily resigned the power to delight: his attempts at brilliance of description, or grandeur of expression, resembles the tiptoe flutterings of the ostrich, rather than the towering and adventurous soarings of the Mæonian eagle. He was born to write with elegance: "to wake to extacy the living lyre," is as far above the reach of his ambition, as the music of the spheres transcends the warbling of a Greatorex.

The H—— DYNASTY, or the EMPIRE of the NAIRS.

Ye dames of Albion listen to my song,
To you the youthful poet's lays belong,
And 'tis for you that gallantry prepares,
Utopian fields, the empire of the Nairs.
See from the learned north a sage appear,
The Phœnix knight, to courtly lewdness dear;
To him Anacreon and the Monk give place,
Compared with him Dutens' a babe of grace;
Where Gottingen has long her sceptics bred
On reason nurtured, and on sr crout fed,

He learned philosophy from Dr. Blincker,
A ceaseless smoker and an arch freethinker,
And long he quaff'd where streams of wisdom flow,
From Wieland, Schiller, Kotzebue, and Co.
But since like Plato he has ceased to roam,
A huge portfolio brings his harvest home.

And who shall hail him on his native land?
Shall London send the beauties of the Strand,
Or Madame D——ville lead her blooming train,
To inquire if *business* flourish on the Seine?
No! hapless Windsor* tremble for thy fate,
Vice has no temples in the Utopian state;
For mercenary love is banished far,
Where nature holds her court in Malabar;
There the heart yields unbribed and undismayed,
And Love's a sentiment and not a trade.

"Ladies!" he cries, "the pupils of my school,
Laugh at each law, and scoff at every rule;
The German wits triumphantly declare
That modesty's a bubble in the air,
And she who sense of decency defies,
Has learned divinely to philosophise.
Where'er I've roamed true gallantry I've found,
It only languishes on British ground;
Haste then! beneath auspicious Love's commands,
To break of cold formality the bands,
And strive with tenfold warmth to cherish here
The freedom of another hemisphere:
Gay be your days and rapturous your nights,
The book I've written is your bill of rights;
And would you know your privileges run
To Hookham's shop and pay your one pound one.
Yours like the sun's impartial rays should fall,
To all you give yet have enough for all;

* N.B. To prevent mistakes we must observe that this word is not meant to denote a *castle* but a *lady*.

All nature burns with unrestricted fire,
The lion roves in limitless desire,
Birds in the air, and fishes in the sea,
Proclaim with nature's voice that love is free;
Then why should man the lord of the creation,
Submit to marriage—'tis an INNOVATION."

"Learn from the noble Nairs of *Malabar*,
Woman was made for love and man for war;
He formed for danger, enterprize and arms,
And she for all a mother's soft alarms;
He firm and dauntless as the god of Thrace,
And she the parent of a numerous race;
The man who knocks a foe upon the head,
And the fair citizen who's brought to bed;
Each, tho' by different ways they seek applause,
Is crowned with laurels in a nation's cause;
If two foes fall, the country doubly wins,
And doubly too, if she produces twins.
Whoe'er the father from whose loins they came,
From A or Y or X, 'tis just the same;
Onward they come a brave promiscuous set,
She the great W of the alphabet;
About the father, wherefore make a pother?
The country knows enough that knows the mother.
Heroes can not like tortoises and snails,
Crawl with their goods and chattels at their tails,
So while the brothers march like valiant *Nairs*,
Their sisters stay at home and bring them heirs,
And when the youths return permit their brothers,
For one man murdered to beget two others."

* 'Tis thus the Phœnix knight extolls his wares;
Each buys and reads the EMPIRE of the NAIRS;

* See a bombastic imitation of Ossian, written by James Lawrence, a knight of Malta, entitled the Empire of the Nairs. He endeavours to prove that the promiscuous intercourse is most congenial to

From mouth to mouth the rapturous plaudit runs,
Long live the Nairs, long live the MOTHERS SONS!
Bang-up the Nairs, exclaim the four-in-hand,
Too glad to read what they can understand,
B—— scarce broken to the marriage state,
Sighs that the system has appeared too late,
The literary Captain takes it down,
T' improve the misses in the country town;
It soothes the spendthrift in the surgeon's ward,
And polishes the youths of Stanhope's yard;
The young Etonian stares in speechless trance
To find himself the hero of romance,
Or reads with tranquil air and steady hand,
A youthful Lovelace in his cup and band;
"Beware!" the matron cries, "'tis bad indeed,
The virgin's ruined who should dare to read;"
While as with all a parent's warmth she speaks,
The conscious blushes dye the damsel's cheeks.
When last in golden dreams she prest her bed,
The guilty volume lay beneath her head,
Sure *she* might read what her mama had read!
But hark! mine ear, what distant music greets?
What proud procession moves along the streets?

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nature, and most consistent with the principles of reason. We are afraid there are other princes than those of Malabar, to whom we might appeal for the practical illustrations of his opinions. "The Nairs, (says Mr. Lawrence,) are the nobility of the Malabar coast, and affirm that they are the oldest in the world. It is the privilege of the Nair lady to choose and change her lover; when he visits her, he walks round the house, and strikes with his sabre on his buckler, as a signal of his approach. To announce his presence to any rival, he, if admitted, leaves a domestic with his arms in a kind of porch. The mother only has the charge of the children, and even the Samorin and the other princes have no other heirs than the children of their sisters, that having no family, they may be always ready to march against an enemy. The name of a father is unknown to a Nair child: he speaks of the lovers of his mother, and of his uncle, but never of his father. Marriage is a domestic yoke, the Nair system the freedom of nature."

Each restless dame, who novelty admires,
Whom conscience troubles, or whom passion fires,
Whom fashion flatters, or whom scandal quotes,
And all philosophers in petticoats,
Are with the Phœnix for their polar-star,
Resolved to emigrate to *Malabar*.
They now like simple Nairesses are seen,
In robes of cobweb and in girdles green:
Lo! by the hand a noble Countess takes,
A mighty Duchess in the land of cakes,
A Scotch Civilian ever good at need,
Had just unyoked them on the banks of Tweed,
Yet in their titles they conceive a flaw,
And fly, where love predominates o'er law.
See B—— whose name was hawk'd about the street,
Or A——— whose waiting-woman prov'd discreet,
And the frail L—— who in desperate case,
Renounced her jointure to avoid disgrace,
And W———, ever kind, whose wit extends
To count her conquests on her finger ends,
Last ———, doomed to bid the land adieu,
Led by her valet, beaten black and blue;
For dames at Calicut without disgrace,
Distinguish merit under livery-lace.
A duke's bright dowager without compeer,
And formed for conquests in her fiftieth year,
This English Ninon leads the gallant throng,
To where the king of rivers rolls along,
And bids them like Semiramis of old
Cast in the silver stream their *rings of gold*.

When suddenly where Mona's bridge extends,
A carriage passes, and a dame descends;
To her all duchesses had once given place,
And Brighton hail'd her as a future grace;
She stops the uplifted hands in act to throw
The badge of slavery in the stream below;

"Keep, keep your ring!" the dame impatient cries,
While disappointment fired her jealous eye,
Of slavery's chain, no nuptial ring's a link,
Since foreign wits have taught our sex to think,
Leave not the country! this auspicious day
Submits three kingdoms to the ———'s sway;
No female ever could resist his smile,
The first bred gentleman in Britain's isle,
If such a prince no amorous warmth inspire,
Tho' love be silent, let ambition fire!
Restrictions cease, and she whose lucky hand
Catches the handkerchief shall rule the land,
All acts of state shall issue from her bower,
Her *grace* the only avenue to power!
Methinks I see the mighty change begin,
The saints are fled, the rakes the battle win,
No musty matrimonial rules restrain,
The court where love and BACCHUS jointly reign;
Her sovereign will this paradise prepares,
And ENGLAND proves the EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS.

THE WHIPS, No. III.

THE GAMBLING CORNUTO.

IN the suite of M. Chauvelin there was a young man of family and considerable expectations, whom temporary embarrassments had reduced to practice the profession of a surgeon, and who in that capacity obtained admission to the house of Mr. B——, one of the most enthusiastic advocates of Gallic principles, and an ardent supporter of every principle of jacobinism. Tired of remaining in this ruined and oppressed country, where no Robespierres arise to interrupt the monotony of

life, and rouse the energies of the multitude, he obtained from our government permission to depart for Holland, from whence he continued his journey to the capital of universal freedom. At Paris the intercourse between young S. and his family was resumed: the person of S. was at least equal to his other recommendations, and captivated the affections of Miss B——, who in the true spirit of female liberty, and in conformity to the rights of woman, delivered up her person to his desires, without any formal and superstitious appeal to the sanction of the church. She was a character not easily impressed with the milder or more amiable feelings: tall in her form, and ardent in her passions, had she ventured to wade through the blood of the unfortunate victims to the guillotine, her majestic stride and infuriated countenance would have far exceeded in picturesque effect, the more feminine appearance of Helen Maria Williams. She yielded to the embraces of S. with the freedom of a woman, resolved to do as she thought fit, rather than with the feminine reluctance of virtue overcome; for a few months the ardor of S. was reciprocal, but he received a command to join the army of Dumouriez with the less reluctance, because it tore him from her presence, and Miss B. could only bewail with the tones and tears of a second "Huncamunca," the departure of a lover whom if she did not love, she at least preferred for his personal endowments to his companions. There *are* ladies, however, who rather than have no lover at all, content themselves with the second *best*; and to this philosophical expedient, Miss B. on this occasion thought proper to resort: in a fit of political vexation Miss Helen had discarded her favorite; Miss B. liked him not the less because he was a name-sake, and at the sight of a box of trinkets, totally forgot the absent surgeon; who in the mean time forsook the medical for the military profession, and was promoted by Gen. D., as he declared to the writer of this article, for the authority that his tall stature and soldier-like appearance gave him over the straggling ragamuffins,

who formed the less efficient portion of his troops. Miss B. lived for some time with her dear namesake in a voluptuous alternation of Bacchanalian and Paphian enjoyments; her dear papa was too much of a citizen to restrain his daughter's freedom, and he received the visits of her paramour with as warm a welcome as that which he now grants to the lovers of his titled wife. His discretion abroad, however, was not equal to his magnanimity at home. By appearing with too much activity as the friend of Robespierre, he attracted the notice of the opposite party, and on the fall of the tyrant, he and his daughter, and B—— were conveyed to the guillotine. A friend of Danton, captivated by the person of Miss B. prevailed on that turbulent demagogue to spare her life and that of her parent. Her paramour was not equally fortunate, he was beheaded in the presence of his liberated mistress; but dead men have neither trinkets nor kisses to bestow on the objects of their living affections, and Miss B. with true philosophical calmness, retired from the scene to share without remorse the embraces of her deliverer.

Among those who were drawn to the entertainments of her protector by the love of good-living, the *ci-devant* valet of the Marquis le Fayette, was a very conspicuous personage. He was an Englishman, and had served the republicans by garbled extracts from Hume and Bolinbroke, published in such a form as to be accessible to the vulgar. He took advantage of the rage for equality, and in spite of the practice of those who professed to support it in theory forced himself into all companies, and intermeddled in every kind of business. His volubility recommended him to the Duchess de B. a lady who had no other pretensions to the title, than a residence of seven years as the *chere amie* of an unfortunate nobleman. She first took him into her *service*, and after the formation of another connection, paid him a handsome sum for his absence and his silence. His person and his country recommended him to Miss B. and he in his turn was by no means averse to the cultivation of her

friendship. He had left England as a servant; the connections of Miss B. might assist him in conjunction with the money of his late mistress, to gain a footing in respectable society: to his taste there was nothing unpleasant in the masculine roughness of her voice, or the rubicund splendor of her countenance; her coarseness he dignified by the appellation of portliness, and the glow of intemperance he mistook for the bloom of health. He offered her his hand, and we need not add that Miss B. accepted it. After the nuptial ceremony, Mr. H. returned with his fair bride to London, where he took a house in Bruton-street, and by adding at the gaming tables to his former accession of Parisian wealth, was enabled to sport a carriage, and rival the most experienced and the wealthiest of the Whips in the splendor and number of his stud. His lady rivalled Miles Peter Andrews himself, in the costly inanity of her routs; for at the present day wealth governs fashion, and takes precedence of virtue. In process of time, he erected a villa in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, where the country round admired at once his folly and his magnificence. For several years they lived like other fashionable couples, in the most perfect indifference towards each other, and the most profound contempt for every body else. In the autumn of last year Mrs. H. prevailed on her husband to take an excursion to Buxton; they tasted the waters, outrivalled all the other occupiers of the Crescent in extravagance; and after rendering themselves the object of universal envy and dislike, returned to town. On the night of Madame Bertinotti *Radicati's* first appearance; Mrs. H. attended only by her servant, visited the Opera. At twelve o'clock, at which hour she ordered the carriage to return, no Mrs. H. was to be found! It was in vain that they waited till the closing of the doors—their mistress was lost, and they were obliged to return homewards with the empty carriage. The next morning on enquiry for his lady, and hearing the story of the servants, Mr. H. was distracted. He cared nothing for his wife

himself, but his indifference did not render him less insensible to the disgrace he had sustained. On searching her apartment it was discovered that she had taken along with her all the jewels and trinkets that it was possible to secrete about her person. Mr. B. was not unmindful of the advantages that might be made of her elopement. "If (he thought) her paramour should happen to be a man of fortune, twenty thousand pounds would be no bad thing; cash runs short, and that sum would repay me both for the loss and the disgrace." He sent his emissaries, therefore, in every direction that could probably lead to her retreat; but their inquiries were in vain, and Mr. H. was condemned for some time to all the anguish of unrequited celibacy.

Sometime afterwards, the coachman of Mr. H. having driven his master to Mr. Thelwall's lecture, returned with the carriage to Steele's livery stables, near Gray's Inn, and leaving his horses to the care of the groom, retired to a place of vulgar resort in the neighbourhood. They had not been long seated, before their conversation was interrupted by the noise of a scuffle in the lobby, and on rushing out they discovered two police officers in the act of arresting a gentlemanly looking person, whom they knew by his accent to be a Frenchman. The landlord told them that *Mounseer* was an officer that had broke his parole, who had lived at his house some time, and who seemed to have no want of money. "He has," continued Boniface, "a lady with him, as fine a woman as you'd wish to see." "Has he!" replied the officer, "then we must secure her as evidence!" While one of the officers and the host secured the General below, his companion along with Mr. H.'s footman, and the rest of the crowd, proceeded in search of the lady above; they found her beneath the bed, and dragged her from her lurking-place, and lights being introduced, the surprize of the servants may easily be conceived at discovering, in the wife of the French General, their long lost mistress. They immediately proceeded to Mr. H.

with intelligence of the discovery, and the husband proceeded to the police office, reclaimed his wife, and finding that General S.(whose identity with her youthful seducer the reader has no doubt discovered,) could pay no damages, again received the disconsolate fair one to his arms. The General was first sent into close confinement, and then permitted to return to his original station of parole, in the neighbourhood of Buxton, where his acquaintance with the fair one had been renewed, and the happy couple whom this *rencontre* has separated for a time, now live together in all the tranquillity of domestic harmony.

W———N.

THE P———SS OF W———.

In the House of Commons, some pointed questions were put to Mr. Percival, respecting the Princess of Wales, to which the answers are variously reported. According to the Morning Chronicle, he declared that neither as minister nor as counsel to her Royal Highness, could he take it upon himself to give any explanation on the subject introduced: according to the *Times*, however, he distinctly avowed that in the course of his professional inquiries on the investigation, nothing occurred to him that could attach any share of blame to her Royal Highness's conduct. Entertaining as we do, a decided conviction, that this assertion must be erroneous; it becomes our duty at the same time to point out the difficulties in which it must involve the Prince Regent, supposing it to be true; and the necessity, supposing it to be false, of some final arrangement that may be equally beneficial and satisfactory to the country.

If, in the progress of the investigation, no circumstances arose that could tend to criminate her Royal Highness, it must then be admitted that she is an injured and persecuted woman. Because without any legal ground of separation, the Prince refuses to make her the partner of his bed, she is to be deserted by the people, over whom she has been called to share the sovereignty, and suffered to remain in comparative destitution. For any thing that appears to the contrary, her neglect may be the mere result of princely caprice; it is possible that her presence is only unwelcome, because it would be a check on the career of licentious pleasure, that might be pursued by the heir apparent to the throne; and it is equally inconsistent with justice and propriety, that a female who as Mr. Tierney observed, would in case of the king's demise, be as much the queen of these realms, as the Prince Regent would be king, left to the mercy of a husband, who may dislike her for the very virtues that contribute most powerfully to domestic happiness.

But it may be asserted that though no legal evidence can be obtained of the Princess's indiscretions; yet that they have been so undisguised as to produce on the mind of the Prince, a moral conviction of her unworthiness; that there are levities which justify suspicion, though the act of criminality cannot be proved to the satisfaction of a judicial tribunal; and that as a husband the PrinceRegent may be determined into his present system of conduct, by circumstances which he alone has the right or power to appreciate. But though these observations may justify the coldness of the Prince as a husband, they do not palliate his neglect as a sovereign, or deprive the Princess of any claim on the justice or liberality of the nation. If the British people refuse their money to confugal infidelity, or sexual indiscretion, they ought to refuse their grants to the male as well as the female branches of the family. If one common occasions the infidelity of the female be more

criminal than that of the other sex; there are cases in which the licentiousness of the husband, is not only an apology for the indiscretions of the wife, but far surpass them in degree. If virtue therefore be the only claim on the pecuniary liberality of the English nation, there are other personages than the Princess of Wales to whom assistance of that nature ought to be refused. Nor can it be disputed that out of the present civil list, parliament has a right to appropriate any sum to the support of the Prince Regent's consort; unless a separation can be obtained, she has a full and important claim on our justice and liberality; and if the legal grounds of a separation *do* exist, it is due to the nation that they should be avowed.

We have had an opportunity of seeing the documents themselves, and were impressed with the conviction, that though the singular coincidence of suspicious circumstances might be susceptible of satisfactory explanation, the *prima facie* evidence was such as to justify the most public and the most solemn investigation. That circumstances transpired in the collection of this evidence, of which the possession contributed to Mr. Percival's political ascendancy, and is *at present the best security for his continuance in office,* is too well known to the junior branches of the royal family; and that the concealment of these circumstances was regarded as of so much importance by the person chiefly interested, as to draw from his privy purse very considerable sums, his treasurer will long remember with regret. In plain terms, if much indiscretion was displayed on one side, much provocation was exhibited on the other; if frailty characterised the wife, deliberate insult, and open violation of the decencies of life, distinguished the husband: the evidence adduced was calculated to liberate the complaining party at the expence of his own character, and by the exposure of circumstances which might rnd er his own situation as precarious as that of the exalted personage, whose errors had become the subject of Mr. Percival's investigation.

It is due to the nation, however, as well as to themselves that their conduct should be manly and decided. If they are of opinion that the result of a public investigation would be successful, and that the advantages of a separation, would counterbalance the disclosures of the criminated party, let them come boldly forward and perform their duty; but if considerations of self-regard, or any doubts of the legitimacy of the evidence before them, restrain them from that open mode of procedure which can alone afford an opportunity to the weaker party of a fair and open defence, and place her on a level with her accusers, let them not assume that forbearance as a virtue, which is dictated by a sense of their own guilt, or a conviction of the ———'s innocence. And if they are so far insensible to the claims of honor or of prudence, as to aggravate the distresses of the object of their insinuations by pecuniary embarrassments, it may at least be expected of the British people, that their sentiments shall be expressed with a boldness that cannot be mistaken; that they will not suffer one female to be oppressed, on the plea of indiscretion, while so many of her relatives are closing a long career of meretricious infamy, in all the enjoyments that can be purchased by the treasures of a wealthy people, and that they will not stand tamely by, while the R—— lavishes those riches on a H——— which properly employed would contribute to the happiness of the legitimate partner of his throne.

THE NOCTES ATTICÆ OF DR. BUSBY.

WHEN we were some time ago favoured with a card requesting our attendance at recitations from a new translation of Lucretius, we must confess that we were alarmed rather than delighted. We remembered the lassitude that

overpowered us in our early attempts to obtain an imperfect acquaintance with the philosophical poet of antiquity; and the specimen of the translation contained in Dr. Busby's prospectus was little calculated to seduce us into a new investigation of the seminal system.

Our ticket, therefore, might have still reposed in as profound an oblivion as that which awaits the Doctor's labours, had not our curiosity been excited by a paragraph in the Morning Post, in which the learned writer regrets that the *Noctes Atticæ* of Dr. Busby have not become the objects of general imitation among the "exalted circles of society." We now began to conjecture that recitation could only be a part of the evening's entertainment; the title of *Noctes Atticæ* recalled to our minds the taste of Pericles, the wisdom of Socrates, and the eloquence of Demosthenes; we remembered with how much rapture the sages and orators of antiquity, describe the intellectual luxuries of these convivial assemblies, in which the circulation of the goblet only contributed to animate the eloquence of wisdom, and add lustre to the brilliance of chaste and legitimate wit. Had the cards of invitation proceeded from a female, we should have ascribed to her in imagination the attributes of Aspasia; but as it was, we contemplated in Thomas Busby, Mus. Doct. the presiding Apollo of a temple of the muses; his son presented himself to our fancy in the resemblance of a second Orpheus, equally expert at charming the attentive ear, by his divine enchanting ravishment, and of erecting another Thebes, when a race of Bœotians shall arise to remunerate his labours. With these impressions we hastened to Queen Anne Street West, and though our astonishment was great at finding in the Magnus Apollo of his own temple, a thin, dapper, talkative little gentleman about five feet four inches in height: though instead of a second Esculapius, we found a *doctor of medicine* without practice, and though *goddesses* were precluded from listening to the doctor's illustrations *de naturæ rerum,* we took our place compo-

sedly on the sopha, and *then* like Jove reclining on his couch of clouds, surveyed in silent astonishment the scene before us.

A long interval of silence, however, permitted us to return to the common business of life: we remembered our duty as periodical judges of the taste and manners of the time, and were at a loss by what means to reconcile our obligations to Dr. Busby with our duty to the public. He had very handsomely invited us to witness what he conceives to be a very gratifying exhibition, and how could we consistently with the laws of honor or hospitality, express in our official capacity any feeling of disapprobation or derision, with which we may possibly be affected? While employed in these reflections we cast a glance at the prospectus, and recollected that the first object of these recitations, was to gain subscriptions for the Doctor's book. We resolved to subscribe for a copy of the new translation of Lucretius, and now conceive ourselves to be entitled to all the privileges of criticism.

At 9 o'clock Master Busby took his seat and read the contents of the book with so much calmness and propriety, that we supposed the word recitation to have been employed by mistake, and flattered ourselves that Lucretius would be *read*. To recite a philosophical poem (if recitation imply violent motion of the hands, or violent gesture of the body,) is of all absurdities the most gross: throughout the whole of Lucretius, there is scarcely a single expression of ardent passion, or pathetic feeling; he excludes human actions and emotions from his poem; the pictures that he introduces are either delineations of inanimate nature, or of collective groups seen in distant action, and viewed with the eye of the landscape painter without any interest in their contentions. The major part of the poem is devoted to the most frigid, if not the most abstruse disquisition on seeds and seminal principles, and the action of corpuscles, and primædial causes. Mr. Busby was alive to the absur-

dity of accompanying these inquiries with any violence of action, and he therefore read them from his chair; but the strictures of Lucretius, as where he describes the appearance of distant armies in actual contest, are equally unadapted to recitation; they should proceed like every other part of the work, from the philosopher at his desk, and not from the orator on his rostrum.

It must be confessed, however, that Master Busby has been admirably drilled; his elocution was distinct and harmonious without monotony; and the only fault of his action was its display of the rules on which it was formed, and the labour with which it had been cultivated. When he uttered the word "grasp" or "embrace," his arms were regularly folded: when he talked of the globe suspended in the air, his left hand was sent out on a voyage of discovery into "high air," while the right, on a level with his chest, supported the imaginary sphere; and when the regions of illimitable space were described, we anticipated a flying leap into the middle of the room. He was not deficient in grace, and might become a model of useful imitation to his rival declaimers Messrs. Claremont and Barrymore. How much is it to be regretted, that the pains bestowed on the cultivation of acquirements so superficial and so useless, have not been directed to the cultivation of his mind. It is really distressing to hear the son of Thomas Busby, Mus. Doct. and an architect, speak before a listening company, of *sumpshous* (sumptuous) halls, and chimœr-O's dire. Of the poem itself we have already expressed our sentiments as far as we were able to judge from the prospectus; and though it must be acknowledged that the exhibition we have witnessed, has exalted our opinion of its merits, yet we are still afraid that it is more remarkable for lisping effeminacy than nervous elegance. The appearance of effeminacy, however, may be owing exclusively to the perpetual employment of the word sweet—sweet peace, sweet flowers. sweet hues, sweet sun, and phrases of a similar description occur in almost every page of the composition. The

rhymes *prove* and *move* continually recur, and once we believe *move* rhymes to itself. He is too apt to fill up his lines with two words expressing emotions too nearly resembling each other, to be frequently conjoined in the language of poetry. " To fill his soul with pleasure and delight," and "saw its fall with rapture and delight." "With grief and sorrow bowed,"&c.&c. are instances of a fault of all others the most injurious to poetical effect. " In lines of a description similar to the following, the first noun in italic had better give place to an epithet belonging to the second. " Such as with tears bedewed their *cheeks* and *eyes*." Though the Latin poet is accustomed to indulge in repetition, the translated language of the repetitions should be varied. In the original they are relieved by the introduction of a spondee or a dactyle changing the measure ; in the English they can only be varied by the substitution of synonymous words.

" more,
As proved by any arguments advanced before"—

is a couplet returning with unpleasing frequency.

We have been the more candid and minute in these observations, because the plan adopted by Dr. Busby affords him at least all the advantages that can be obtained from the suggestions of others. To an individual engaged in so important an undertaking, candor is the most valuable friendship, and had we respected him less, we should have held our peace.

POLITICAL HINTS.

MR. EDITOR,

HITHERTO I have only been a constant reader of your monthly publication, with which though in some points I reluctantly disagree, I verily believe to be strictly impartial.

Feelings of indignation at some recent political events, to which I am persuaded you do not require my feeble aid to call your attention, have impelled me to undertake a task to which I am so unaccustomed, and to which I feel myself so unable.

Whatever may be the faults or whatever the excellencies of the present advisers of the Regent, will have no relation whatever to the present subject. It is to the conduct of the major part of their opponents since the lamented illness of his majesty, that my attempts shall tend to refer—Bitter as was their opposition, and virulent their animosity against the Duke of York upon the discovery of those disgraceful abuses, still fresh in recollection, it was but reasonable to suppose that his speedy reinstation would call forth some strong remonstrances on their part—But no; it was then understood to be the Prince's pleasure, and consequently the leaders of the opposition refused to sanction any motion questioning its propriety—On the late discussion on the Regency Household Bill, not only was a large sum of money, exclusive of the civil list voted to the Regent, without any reprehension on their part; but we beheld this body of patriots, these opposers of inordinate grants of the public money, who had always hitherto felt so much compunction in laying fresh burdens on the people, complaining of the deprivation of a revenue from the Duchy of Cornwall.

But now the time approached when they who had

made so great sacrifices of political principle at the altar of self-interest, had reason to expect an ample remuneration. Various were the arrangements for a new administration, and various the persons on whom the chancellorship of the exchequer was bestowed. But lo! Time at length evinced that the Regent had been consistent enough to choose for himself, and his letter proclaimed that though he wished that some of the early friends of his public life, would constitute a *part* of his government, it was his decided opinion that the course of policy pursued by the Pittites was more conducive to the welfare of the empire, than that which would be embraced by their opponents.

Intelligence so diametrically opposite to what their ardent imaginations had suggested, acted like a thunderbolt upon them. Their disappointment and anger may with facility be traced from the period when Mr. Perceval informed Mr. Creevey "that if he knew any thing of the matter the golden dreams of the right honourable gentleman were not likely to be realised." From this time their virulent aspersions on the Regent have been as apparent as their former subservience. Every matter is brought to light that may in any way distress the Prince, or perplex his advisers. Colonel M'Mahon was the first on whom they wreaked their vengeance, and no sooner was he ejected from his first situation, (perhaps justly too,) and his master had compassionately presented him another, than the propriety of the office of private secretary is called in question, and the Colonel is in a fair way of losing the second.

It appears to have occurred too, for the first time, a few nights ago, to these patriots that something ought to be done for the Princess of Wales. "Why," it is asked, "is she neglected? She is Princess Regent; she ought to have an establishment like the queen. We have no proof of any misconduct on her part. Why does she live privately and separated?" Few persons are not of opinion that some eclaircissement on this subject should take

place; but it is sufficiently obvious, Mr. Editor, that arrangements of this nature should have been made during the passing of the Regency bills for the support of her majesty's household, and that of the Prince Regent; but at that period any discussion on that subject might have been disagreeable in a certain quarter, and therefore was not to be thought of by the Right Honourable Gentlemen.

It is painful, Mr. Editor, to every well-wisher to his country to behold the height to which party spirit is now carried. How despicable and disgraceful does it appear to hear men in the British House of Commons* magnifying the distress of the country, and asserting that many thousands, (I think fifteen) of the labouring classes in the commercial towns were supported by public subscription, though it was afterwards proved that they had included the families of workmen in employ, who had derived assistance from a soup dispensary.

Forgive me, if I trespass longer on your patience by directing your attention to the motions of Sir Francis Burdett for the abolition of military flogging. If the hon. baronet's intentions are good, his pertinacity argues meanly of his sense, for the military men of all parties in the House of Commons have candidly declared the impracticability of the measure; while by its discussion it tends to raise expectations among the soldiers which cannot be realised, and by its rejection serves to create discouragement and discontent.

Should any of the preceding humble observations afford you the least hint in the infliction of your lash, the writer will be abundantly recompensed. I am, Sir,

most respectfuly,

Westminster, March 25, 1812. MEMMIUS.

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* We shall endeavour in a future article to shew that the mistake is on the side of our correspondent.

A STAUNCH DOG AT A FAULT;

OR,

THE DOCTOR RUNNING COUNTER.

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel!" Amazingly sublime are these sentiments, said my grandmother, laying down the book and taking off her spectacles—"how grand, how exalted—in action how like *an angel*?" Looking at me with the most inquisitive earnestness. As she was the very best of old women, I made it a point seldom to contradict her, more especially when a case was doubtful as they certainly was; for though I myself had never seen an angel; yet I could not be quite sure but my good grandmother might: she had been in existence nearly a century, and times are much altered. I must, however, freely confess I mentally set the admired sentiments down in estimation among many others of like sublimity and exaltation, and ranked them as canting, blasphemous lies. Assuredly there is much more fuss made about man's perceptions than the thing itself will justify; man, as an animal, is a mere noodle (ask his wife else) outdone in point of sagacity by every beast about him. Change but the ribband on his child of a month old, and all recognition ceases. Poor *instructive* old Argus, though at the very verge of death affectionately hailed the return of his long lost master Ulysses.

"Thus near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He not unconscious, of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet,
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.

The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!"

While *reasoning* Penelope experienced not one sympathetic throb—not one twinge of feeling in any part of her whole frame. Nay, the *seal*, that almost shapeless lump of fat and flesh, can discover her still more hideous offspring, although involved in doubled and twisted myriads. Nevertheless, man in his natural state, though possibly he may be now and then given to thieving, where nuts, crabs, and such like *monkey provender* is concerned, is not a downright rogue—that he has to thank cultivation for: the *brutism* of a *Caliban* is far from being nearly so pernicious as the *logic* of a *Paley*.

In good days of yore; the *man* was known by his *coat* doublets and hose were pricked, printed, and trimmed only as by law established. A good safe way this: men knew then what was what; whether they now do so we will presently examine.

In a certain ancient place of public worship, not twenty miles from hence, some few months since, after his sabbath day's dinner, in full and flowing uniform was seated a sage and reverend doctor. Truly orthodox in all the statutes and ordinances of the church, was this goodly pillar; and though he might be somewhat doubtful of the correctness in translation of the sentence, " money is the root of all evil," and could not be brought cordially to subscribe to the trite idea that pride was sinful; yet was he looked upon in general, as good a christian as might reasonably be expected, under such potent drawbacks as tithe pigs, gentility of the times, expiring leases, and pluralities. During the time the doctor was absorbed in heavenly musings, or perhaps calculating in minutiæ, the amount of renewal on Donkey Grange, a very decently attired young man entered the church, apparently a stranger; he hesitated some little time and then with modest unassuming piety, placed himself in the next sitting

place to the reverentissimo. It is a custom with the eastern lamas to have a curtain let down before them when sitting; by which manœuvre their votaries are handed over wholesale to the dominion of imagination; we do things better. In order to obstruct the side-long insidious glance, which none but a squinting parson could detect, the flanks of the doctor's capital were defended by two green baize curtains, which, forming a recess, displayed to the utmost advantage the front view only of prebendal beatitude. Shielded by this accommodating screen, the youth had for some time pursued his devotions, when unluckily the doctor's carnal part of vision being attracted by a most bewitching fold in the drapery of his right arm, he thought he perceived a shade thrown upon his outworks; an involuntary start, followed up by a stricter scrutiny, convinced him some substance had segmentized his sphere : amazement and indignation were now visibly disputing the palm on the field of countenance; the Doctor's *alabaster* insensibly receded, and the highest *fawn colour* advanced, the muscles were swollen, the nose sharpened,and the vengeful arm in the act of rising, when lo! the reader utters with an audible voice, "*For there is no respect of persons with God.*" (Rom. ch. ii. v. 11.) An internal response created a momentary pause; but, fully determined to give convincing proof of his open hostility to all *levelling precepts* without distinction, he roughly snatches back the curtain and with the most indignant avaunt of the hands motions the astonished intruder to take the *lowest place.* With the most benign resignation the young man bowed the head, took up his hat and retired, the curtain was restored, and a triumphant vindictive lour thrown over the auditory, in which was visibly pourtrayed, *insolent, to obtrude upon* ME!!! I have before observed that man is not that "all in all" piece of business he is held up, for, as neither from animal sagacity, cultivation by learning, experience obtained by eel-like wriggling to superiors, and foaming sharkism to inferiors, nor even by the well timed hit of the reporter of St. Paul, could

this infatuated victim of clerical pomposity, discover that his offensive neighbour was neither more nor less than "the nephew of one of our highest dignitaries in the law," who had been on a visit in the neighbourhood about a fortnight. Previously, however, to the next Sunday, admiration at the conduct of the one, and reprobation of the behaviour of the other had been so loudly bandied in the parish, that the doctor clearly perceived he had been calculating under a wrong latitude; yet dependance on his acknowledged powers in blandishment and courtesy prevented his spirits from being too deeply depressed. Accordingly on that day after seating himself in his recess, he stole a sly peep to ascertain whether matters remained in statu quo, and most propitiously to his wishes, spied the young gentleman, quietly reclining in the corner, to which his former mandate had consigned him. Reader, thou hast heard of *cream of violets,* and a long string of nostrums of the cosmetic tribe; but these separately or jointly would have been puerile in effect to the assumed placidity diffused over the doctor's countenance for the time being, with the hand gently raised, the elbow making an angle of just nineteen degrees with the horizon, the thumb and fore-finger finely bowed, and the little one displaying a brilliant loftily elevated, the rings of the curtain were most softly touched, and moved along the rod slow, silent and smoothly: full on the nephew of the learned lord, and graciously he smiled, laid a most elegant book on the before *prohibited desk,* and with the most winning affability beckoned him to his side. The excellent young man tacitly acknowledging neither time nor place were fitted for resentment, accepted his invitation; but notwithstanding his well-bred effort to suppress it there was a look—a look which spoke volumes.

CASTIGATOR.

Newark, 10*th March,* 1812.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes*.

We had intended to enter into a minute exposition of Mr. Taylor's conduct, as a prosecutor, and a witness in the case of Mr. Alexander Read; but on referring to the trial itself, we have found the cross-examination so curious and satisfactory, as to supersede the necessity of further observation; and shall only observe on one part of the evidence, that on the 13th of June, when Mr. Taylor declares himself to have been at Hungerford fishing for *trout*, he was in reality secreted at Battersea, from the pursuit of the *gudgeons* of the laws. That the chaste and faithful Mrs. Dunn, accompanied Mr. *Turf* on this occasion, the visitors of the Opera will easily believe.

The Pantheon after going through all the regular revolutions of theatrical property—after being built without money, managed without discretion, and at last consigned to the care of chancery, has been shut up in consequence of Colonel Greville's withdrawing his licence on the plea of insecurity. For what reason, however, this plea was not advanced before, notwithstanding the positive opinions of Messrs. Soane and Cockerell, the gentleman with whom Colonel Greville has been in daily habits of pecuniary negociation, are best able to explain. It is disgraceful to the Lord Chamberlain, that the public amusements of this metropolis, and the fate of a large establishment should be subject to the whims of a capricious and needy individual; mean in poverty, and wayward in prosperity, without constancy of temper, or firmness of principle.

Mr. Kenney, the author of the World and of Raising the

Wind, has surprised and afflicted his friends, by the production of one of the lowest pieces of buffoonery, that even the present generation of authors so fertile in nonsense and absurdity have produced.

The farce of "Raising the Wind" may be numbered among the most fortunate productions of dramatic genius. The principal character is drawn with equal fidelity of observation and originality of conception: he is so natural as to recal in idea the scenes of daily intercourse, yet more effective than if he had been the illegitimate offspring of dramatic fancy. But the farce of "Turn out" exhibits nothing more worthy of praise than paltry copies of well-known originals. The founsdation of Restive's character is evidently the Quidnunc of Foote's Upholsterer, and to this foundation Mr. Kenney has only superadded some of that irritability which distinguishes the character of Sir Willoughby Worrett, and of which Dowton above all other actors is peculiarly successful in the expression. Somerville is only Mr. Phillips in the dress of a gentleman. Gregory is Giles Scroggins dramatized; and no one who has read or seen the "Citizen" of Murphy will be at any loss to discover the original of *Marian Ramsay* (Miss Duncan). The dialogue of the piece deserves neither praise nor censure; it neither disgusts in the delivery, nor retains any impression on the memory. The jests are of the most trite and hackneyed order: Restive is interrupted in a plan for the liquidation of the national debt, and mourns over the necessity of leaving his country in the midst of its difficulties, and an ineffectual attempt is made at cross-reading by the intervention of Gregory, who finishes a Ciceronian oration of his master, by repeating to himself the first sentence of a love-letter to Sally Smallfry. Yet the conception of many of the incidents and the plan of the interlocutory parts display so much ingenuity that we regret the more forcibly the inadequacy of their execution. Marian's idea, for instance, of disgusting Dr. Truckle by the affectation of romantic feelings is suscep-

tible of the most ludicrous effect; but how imperfectly the language that proceeds from her lips does justice to his conception, Mr. Kenny himself will best be able to determine, if he has the intrepidity to refer to the farce of Polly Honeycombe.

The *post* has thought proper to assure us that many of the songs were *encored* on account of their intrinsic merits. Of the degree of taste to be attributed to the audience, if this assertion be true, let the reader judge.

SONG.

I'm Marian Ramsay, from Scotland I come,
All adown the green dale where the violets are springing,
And much I should grieve from dear Scotland to part,
But I'm come to the south, sir, to get a sweetheart,
With my fal la la la, while the birds are a singing.

They say my relation's a mighty odd man,
All away from the dale, &c.
'Tis you, sir, I'm sure, for, the truth to reveal,
As we say in the north, you're a comical cheel,
With my fa la la la, &c.

So get me my sweetheart and wish me good bye,
All away to the dale, &c.
If the bonny lad's willing, I'm now in my prime,
And sure, 'tis a pity to lose any time,
With my fa la la la, &c.

Of the comic songs the following is the only one that has any claim to mediocrity, and even of this we should like to understand the concluding stanza. (page 37).

Love and poverty's fate is turn out! turn out!
Love and poverty's fate is turn out!
But the rich blockhead's store,
Alas! opens the door,

Through which merit, if poor, must turn out, turn out,
Through which merit, if poor, must turn out.

Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out, turn out,
Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out,
Though full of their graces,
When snug in their places,
With very wry faces turn out, turn out,
With very wry faces turn out.

Our foe would their neighbours turn out, turn out,
Our foe would their neighbours turn out;
But John Bull is so queer,
He'll sometimes interfere,
Just to trouble Mounseer to turn out, turn out,
Just to trouble Mounseer to turn out.

In the playhouse they often turn out, turn out;
In the playhouse they often turn out;
And is'n't it boring,
To hear them encoring,
While others are roaring, "Turn out! turn out!"
While others are roaring, "Turn out!"

Poor poets must often turn out, turn out;
Poor poets are often turn'd out:
'Tis e'en thus with the great;
So the poet must wait,
To know if his fate is, "Turn out! turn out!"
To know if his fate is, "Turn out!"

If Mr. Kenney be resolved to sacrifice the prospect of a permanent and legitimate reputation, to pecuniary gains, or temporary popularity, he has acted wisely in bringing out the present farrago of stupidity and buffoonery: we are not sure that the "World" or "Raising the Wind" is listened to with half the pleasure that is testified at the exhibition of his last production; and if we mistake not, though the hopes of the critics have ended in disappointment, the present is likely to *turn out* a profitable speculation.

To that cold and comfortless temple of stupidity, the

Lyceum, we seldom venture except when our literary duty compel us to endure the mingled miseries of nastiness and nonsense. Our acquaintance, therefore, with Mr. Lewis was far from intimate; and our surprize at his appearance in Belcour in the West Indian, was only equalled by our amazement at the fatuity of the manager, who could permit him to attempt the part. Of all the heroes of the stage Belcour is most indelibly marked with the character of a gentleman; the native elegance of his manner is only equalled by the ardor of his temperament, and the glowing sensibility of his feelings. His haste and irritation are not the result of weakness excited to passion by trivial circumstances, or of fatuity degenerating into restlessness, but of generous and noble passion expanding into expression. But if there be any word that peculiarly characterises Mr. Lewis as an actor it is *hardness:* he is stiff when he wishes to be dignified, and abrupt when he ought to be transported by the omnipotence of ungovernable feeling. His words "*trip off*" his tongue with the pert and abrupt volubility of a tavern-waiter; yet his vulgarity is fully equalled by his pedantry, and his pedantry by his ignorance. If he must pronounce horizon with a short i— why will he pronounce the first syllable of PART-icular, as if it was a distinct word?— How would Cumberland have been distressed had he witnessed the murder of his favourite child, by the ruthless hands of this tormentor!

Mr. G. Wyatt has published his design for a third theatre. Like Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, the architect of Drury, he rounds off the front of the boxes nearest to the stage so that the sight may not be interrupted by a dead wall, with this difference only that the contrary flexure or divergence of the circle begins in Mr. George Wyatt's plan, at a point not far distant from the semi-circle, and in the other after three-fourths of the circle have been completed. The present plan like that of New Drury, removes the saloon from the first to the second tier; the dress boxes are still further secured from

intrusion by the indirectness of the communication between them and the other parts of the house. It is proposed also, there being no basket, that ten of the front boxes, containing nine persons each, should be let out by the night *only*, and in the event of which a private passage may separate them from the public lobby, and the partitions which divide them may be continued up to the ceiling. No inconvenience to the view of the stage would arise from this, the situation being immediately opposite to it, and not too far removed from the reach of an actor's voice. It is presumed by Mr. Wyatt that an arrangement of this nature will obviate all the objections and afford all the advantages of what are called private or annual boxes. We cannot agree with him in opinion. Were his plan adopted, no individual, the weight of whose purse was not equal to his fondness for dramatic amusements would ever be able to obtain the best situation in the house. Without the payment of three guineas a seat in these dress boxes could not be obtained even supposing them to be unoccupied for the evening. At present a *single* individual has a fair chance of taking an eligible seat in any part of the house; Mr. Wyatt would exclude from the best part of it all who could not afford, or would not wish to form one of a theatrical party. To attach a higher price of admission to this part of the house would be less unjust and invidious and equally productive.

The width along the front of the stage as represented in these plans (63 feet) is much greater than has been usual in the theatres of this country. The cause (observes Mr. Wyatt,) as well as the consequences will be obvious on a little attention. The general form of the house produced by the fronts of the boxes, is first of all that of a complete semi-circle, but instead of afterwards taking a *converging* direction it is made to expand, thereby placing the spectators in each of the two end boxes, with their faces fronting the stage, and affording a more complete view of it than has generally been obtained in such

situations. No stage doors have been admitted as fixtures in the Proscenium, for it is obvious that when they are wanted they should form a part of the illusion which the whole scenery is intended to convey to the mind, rather than of the form through which that illusion is to be viewed, and in which character the proscenium ought always to be considered. Stage-boxes Mr. Wyatt conceives to be equally improper, and are excluded from his plans, unless one or two may be placed for the stage manager behind the trellis-work of the sides of the proscenium, (which he has made elliptical) in the same manner as the *loges grillees* of the French theatres. Its extent is totally inconsistent with the professions of the supporters of a third theatre, who have always rested part of their case on the " overgrown magnitude of the established and the projected houses." The difference in size between Mr. George Wyatt's theatre and New Drury, is too trifling to justify the language so lately employed.—It is evident that the idea of springing the proscenium from the back of the boxes, cannot have suggested itself to both the architects at the same time, and as Mr. George Wyatt's plan has been published subsequent to the other, it is but fair to regard him as the copyist.

Of Julius Cesar it would be equally useless to speak to those who have seen it, and those who have not. *Mrs. Siddons* and the *horses* are announced for reappearance during the Easter holidays. The combination reminds us of two of the most conspicuous proverbs in Bailey's Dictionary.

" Money makes the mare to go ;"

And

" Money makes the old wife trot."

W. N. Jones, Printer, Green-Arbour Court, Old Bailey, London.